SOLOMON LINCOLN

H. F. Henry
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Awake my soul —
Hark the glad sound

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A

COLLECTION

OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS

FOR

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP.

I will sing of mercy and judgment; unto thee, O Lord, will I sing.
PSALM ci. 1.

F. W. P. Greenwood

Forty-ninth Edition.

with 2 Supplts

BOSTON:
HICKLING, SWAN AND BREWER.
1859.

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PREFACE

As some account may be expected, of the principles on which this collection of hymns was made, it will be here given in a few words.

My main object has been, to gather from the existing body of divine poetry, those hymns which I deemed the best calculated to be sung in our churches. I consequently adopted all which appeared to me to possess the requisite poetical and devotional character, without regard to the particular denomination of Christians to which their authors belonged. Hymns from Wesley's collection, and some Moravian hymns from the Christian Psalmist of Montgomery, I regard as among the richest contents of this volume. Their delightful fervor, though by some it may be called methodistical, will be thought by others, I trust, to be the true spirit of devotional Christian poetry.

I have taken care to alter as little as possible from my originals, and to obtain all hymns, whenever it was practicable, as their authors wrote and published them. The effusions of Watts and Doddridge, the two principal classics in this high and difficult species of literature, will be found in a purer form in this volume than they are usually met with in other collections. Whenever a hymn by one of these, or any other author, seemed to require a great deal of alteration, it was not altered, but left; for it was my desire and intention that every hymn, as it appeared in this collection, should be really the production of the individual whose name is placed over it. I freely omitted such verses, however, as I did not approve, whenever it could be done without essential injury to the connexion.

Those words and expressions which I consider as forming the peculiar and appropriate diction and imagery of sacred poetry, such as Zion, Israel, Canaan, Saints, &c., I have constantly retained.

The adaptation of musical emphasis and expression to the words, I have left with intelligent and well instructed choirs.

Although I undertook this work, because I was not altogether satisfied with any collection which I had seen, yet I cannot hope to have succeeded to the entire satisfaction of others. I am conscious

that I must, at least, have omitted some hymns which many persons have been accustomed to regard as indispensable, and introduced some which may be thought unworthy of the place which they occupy. It is to be presumed that there is a considerable number of them which will be admired by some, and disliked by others. Among five hundred and sixty hymns, there will be found, it is probable, sufficient range for a variety of tastes.

It is sincerely my prayer that this book, wherever it may be introduced, may be instrumental in heightening the interest of Christian worship, and serving the cause of religion and God;—and as sincerely is it my wish that wherever and whenever it may be found inadequate to these great purposes, it may be superseded by one which will answer them better. F. W. P. G.

October 1, 1830.

NOTE TO THE SIXTEENTH EDITION.

The suggestions of some of my friends, together with my own experience, have induced me to believe that some additions to this Collection would increase its usefulness; and I feel that the favor with which it has been received, is an obligation on me to improve it. But at the same time that I determined to make additions, I also resolved not to hazard such alterations in the main body of the work, as would render the first fifteen editions so different from those which might succeed them, that the former could not be used conveniently with the latter. I have therefore changed but eleven hymns in the five hundred and sixty which were contained in the previous editions; and in the place of each rejected hymn, I have inserted one on the same or a similar subject.

For the convenience of ministers and others, I here subjoin a list of the hymns which have been changed as above stated. They are hymns 69, 142, 155, 175, 177, 265, 315, 340, 399, 402, 519. Hymn 204, which formerly consisted of two verses from one of the hymns of Watts, is now enlarged by the addition of two other verses of the original hymn.

The additions which I have made, are placed under the head of Supplementary Hymns, and are numbered from 561 to 609, inclusive. Some of these were printed at the end of the book, as it formerly stood; but the greater part are now first inserted. They are on various subjects, and several of them are of a private and domestic character. The Doxologies close the volume. No further alterations are contemplated. Francis W. P. Greenwood.

May 18, 1835.

PREFACE TO THE SUPPLEMENT.

In the following Collection of Hymns, the Rev. Mr. Greenwood's admirable compilation has, by permission, been retained in its original form, and to this an addition of one hundred and seventeen hymns has been made.*

We believe that no one can become familiar with Mr. Greenwood's collection without being impressed by its uncommon excellence. It includes throughout hymns of unsurpassed beauty and devotional power, whose acknowledged superiority must ever give them a high place in every collection for sacred worship. Among the most excellent productions of this kind in the English language, are those by Watts and Doddridge; and more than two hundred of their best hymns may be found in this volume. Besides these, it includes the finest lyric pieces which have come down to us from Addison, Newton, Cowper, Pope, Heber, Milman and Scott, and the choicest by Barbauld and Steel, Bowring and Montgomery, as well as the most fervent from among the Wesleyan and Moravian collections.

In addition to its intrinsic worth, Mr. Greenwood's collection has another advantage, inasmuch as it is now used in about fifty of our Religious Societies, more than forty thousand copies being in circulation. It has thus, with many minds, become connected

* The Hymns added commence at the 610th. Excepting the addition, the condensation of the prefatory pages, Index, &c., and transposing the Doxologies to the end of the book, the enlarged edition is the same as all others since the 16th, and can be used with those editions. No alteration in numbering the hymns has been made.

with pleasant associations, and is already familiar to a large body of Christians.

It is also no slight consideration that it is directly associated with the memory of one who was among the truest and most devout of the followers of Christ; one who united a singular purity of taste with a most earnest spirit of devotion; and who was, in every way, peculiarly qualified to select a volume of sacred poetry, which should give fit expression to the soul's varied emotions, and which should promote the highest interests of Christianity.

All, therefore, that we have considered desirable, was to add to Mr. Greenwood's collection, such hymns as might give it a more extended usefulness, and adapt it to a wider circle of wants. Many hymns are here added which had not been written when Mr. Greenwood's volume was published; among these are several by Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., whose memory it will ever be interesting to associate with our hymns of praise, and our places of worship. Besides which there will be found additional hymns by Cowper and Watts, Doddridge and Wesley, Montgomery and Bowring. It is hoped that they may prove a useful accompaniment to the valuable collection with which they are here connected.

R. C. W.

Boston, October, 1845.

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INTRODUCTORY ANTHEMS.

I. Habakkuk ii. 20.

The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him.

II. Psalm iii. 8.

Salvation belongeth unto the Lord, and thy blessing is among thy people.

III. Church Collect.

Lord of all power and might, thou that art the Author, thou that art the Giver of all good things, graft in our hearts the love of thy name, increase in us true religion, nourish us in all goodness, and of thy great mercy keep us in the same, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

IV. Psalm cxix. 33, 35.

Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes; make me to walk in the way of thy commandments for evermore.

V. Church Collect.

Grant, we beseech thee, merciful Lord, to thy faithful people, pardon and peace; that they may be cleansed from all their sins, and serve thee with a quiet mind, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

INTRODUCTION AND CLOSE OF WORSHIP

1. L. M. Watts.

Praise to our Creator. Ps. 100.

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love,
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

2. S. M. Watts.

Call to Worship. Ps. 95.

1 Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his work, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

3. S. M. E. Taylor.

Invitation to the House of God.

1 Come to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come;
The God of peace shall meet thee there,
He makes that house his home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

4 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.

5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all;
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call;

6 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

4. L. M. Tate & Brady.

Public Worship. Ps. 65.

1 For thee, O God, our constant praise,
In Zion waits, thy chosen seat;
Our promised altars there we 'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.

2 O thou, who to my humble prayer
Didst always bend thy listening ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try;
While thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.

4 Blest is the man, who, near thee placed,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives;
While we, at humble distance, taste
The vast delights thy worship gives.

5. 8 & 7s. M. J. Taylor.

Surrounding the Mercy Seat.

1 Far from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and fond desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the Fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes;
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation?—
Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined:
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds his care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still thy providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to thy laws,
Lord! with favor still attend us,
Bless us with thy wondrous love;
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us;
All our hope is from above.

6. H. M. DODDRIDGE

Gentiles brought into the Temple.

1 GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace,
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place.
How kind the care
Our God displays,
For us to raise
A house of prayer!

2 Though once estranged far,
We now approach the Throne;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own.
Strangers no more,
To thee we come,
And find our home,
And rest secure.

3 To thee ourselves we join,
And love thy sacred name;
No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in thy claim.
Our Father-King,
Thy covenant-grace
Our souls embrace,
Thy titles sing.

4 Here in thy house we feast
On dainties all divine;
And while such sweets we taste,
With joy our faces shine;

Incense shall rise
From flames of love,
And God approve
The sacrifice.

5 May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house;
And thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows;
Indulgent still,
Till earth conspire
To join the choir
On Zion's hill.

7. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

Pleasure and Advantage of Divine Worship. Ps. 84.

1 Happy the men, whom strength divine
With ardent love and zeal inspires!
Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
With willing hearts and warm desires.

2 Still they pursue the painful road;
Increasing strength surmounts their fear
Till all at length, before their God,
In Zion's glorious courts appear.

3 God is a sun; our brightest day
From his reviving presence flows;
God is a shield, through all the way,
To guard us from surrounding foes.

4 He pours his kindest blessings down,
Profusely down, on souls sincere;
And grace shall guide, and glory crown
The happy favorites of his care.

5 O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace!
How blest, divinely blest, is he,
Who trusts thy love and seeks thy face,
And fixes all his hopes on thee.

8. L. M. Watts.

The Pleasure of Public Worship. Ps. 84.

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength; and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

9. H. M. WATTS.

Longing for the House of God. Ps. 84.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints,
With equal zeal
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

3 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill!

4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:

O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

5 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee!

10. C. M. WATTS.

God present in his Churches. Ps. 84.

1 My soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.

3 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

4 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode;
When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour and my God?

5 Could I command the spacious land,
  And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand
  I'd give them both away.

11. C. M. WATTS.

Going to Church. Ps. 122.

1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
  My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
  And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
  The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace, built for God,
  To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
  The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
  And sits in judgment there.

4 Peace be within this sacred place,
  And joy a constant guest:
With holy gifts, and heavenly grace,
  Be her attendants blest.

5 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
  While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
  There God my Saviour reigns.

12. L. M. Salisbury Col.

The House of God.

1 Lo, God is here! let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face:
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.

2 Lo, God is here! him day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest homage bring.

3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill:
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

13. 7s. M. J. Taylor.

Engagedness in Devotion.

1 Lord, before thy presence come,
Bow we down with holy fear;
Call our erring footsteps home,
Let us feel that thou art near.

2 Wandering thoughts and languid powers
Come not where devotion kneels;
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.

3 At the portals of thine house,
We resign our earth-born cares:
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

14. L. M. Tate & Brady.

Public Worship. Ps. 95.

1 O come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favors past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

3 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command;
The strength of hills, that threat the skies,
Subjected to his empire lies.

4 The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sovereign right is his;
'T is moved by his almighty hand,
That formed and fixed the solid land.

5 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

15. C. M. Drennan.

God may be worshipped in every Place.

1 The heaven of heavens cannot contain
The Universal Lord;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.

2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The God of heaven is there.

3 His presence is diffused abroad
Through realms, through worlds unknown;
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

16. C. M. Bowring.

Pure Worship.

1 The offerings to thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and prayer,
Are but a worthless sacrifice
Unless the heart is there.

2 Upon thine all-discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude;
No tribute, but the vow sincere,
The tribute of the good.

3 My offerings will indeed be blest,
If sanctified by thee;
If thy pure Spirit touch my breast
With its own purity.

4 O may that Spirit warm my heart
To piety and love,
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heaven above

17. C. M. Watts.

Privilege of Christian Worship. Ps. 132.

1 The Lord in Zion placed his name,
His ark was settled there:
To Zion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.

2 But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy saints assemble now,
There is a house for God.

3 Here, Mighty God! accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the son of David reign;
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

18. 7s. M. Bowring.

Humble Worship.

1 When before thy throne we kneel,
Filled with awe and holy fear,
Teach us, O our God, to feel
All thy sacred presence near.

2 Check each proud and wandering thought
When on thy great name we call;
Man is nought, is less than nought;
Thou, our God, art all in all.

3 Weak, imperfect creatures, we
In this vale of darkness dwell;
Yet presume to look to thee
'Midst thy light ineffable.

4 O receive the praise that dares
Seek thy heaven-exalted throne;
Bless our offerings, hear our prayers,
Infinite and Holy One!

19. C. M. BROWNE.

Acceptable Worship.

1 WHEREWITH shall I approach the Lord,
And bow before his throne?
Oh! how procure his kind regard,
And for my guilt atone?

2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
And spicy fumes ascend?
Will these my earnest wish succeed,
And make my God my friend?

3 O no, my soul! 't were fruitless all;
Such offerings are vain:
No fatlings from the field or stall
His favor can obtain.

4 To men their rights I must allow,
And proofs of kindness give;
To God with humble rev'rence bow
And to his glory live.

5 Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere,
He never will despise;
And cheerful duty he 'll prefer
To costly sacrifice.

20. C. M. JERVIS.

Homage and Devotion.

1 WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.

2 Before the awful throne we bow
Of heaven's Almighty King:
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 Thee we adore; and, Lord, to thee
Our filial duty pay:
Thy service, unconstrained and free,
Conducts to endless day.

4 While in thy house of prayer we kneel
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

5 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

21. L. M. STENNETT.

The Christian Sabbath Morning.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God hath blessed.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

22. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The eternal Sabbath.

1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy churches rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there 's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With earnest hope and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

23. C. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

The Sabbath of the Soul. Morning.

1 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares
Of earth and folly born!
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

2 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate this day,
The sabbath of my soul.

3 Sleep, sleep forever, guilty thoughts!
Let fires of vengeance die;
And, purged from sin, may I behold
A God of purity!

24. S. M. Spirit of the Psalms.

The day of Rest. Morning or Evening. Ps. 92.

1 Sweet is the task, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise thy name, and hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, at the dawning hour,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when the night-wind shuts the flower,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our best employ
Eternally in heaven.

25. C. M. Spirit of the Psalms.

For the Morning of the Lord's Day. Ps. 118.

1 This is the day the Lord hath made:
O earth, rejoice and sing;
Let songs of triumph hail the morn,
Hosanna to our King!

2 The stone the builders set at nought,
That stone has now become
The sure foundation, and the strength
Of Zion's heavenly dome.

3 Christ is that stone, rejected once,
And numbered with the slain;
Now raised in glory, o'er his church
Eternally to reign.

4 This is the day the Lord hath made:
O earth, rejoice and sing;
With songs of triumph hail the morn,
Hosanna to our King!

26. S. M. WATTS.

The Lord's Day; or, Delight in Ordinances.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

27. L. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

The Sacrifice of the Heart.

1 When, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
What rites, what honors shall he pay?
How spread his sovereign's praise abroad?

2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall curling clouds of incense rise?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?

3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare:
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

28. C. M. Montgomery.

Christ in the midst of his People.

1 On the first Christian Sabbath eve,
When his disciples met,
O'er his lost fellowship to grieve,
Nor knew the scripture yet—

2 Lo, in their midst his form was seen,
The form in which he died;
Their Master's marred and wounded mien,
His hands, his feet, his side.

3 Then were they glad their Lord to know.
And hailed him, yet with fear;—
Jesus, again thy presence show;
Meet thy disciples here.

4 Be in our midst; let faith rejoice
Our risen Lord to view,
And make our spirits hear thy voice
Say, "Peace be unto you."

5 And while with thee in social hours
We commune through thy word,
May our hearts burn, and all our powers
Confess, "It is the Lord."

29. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

After Divine Service.

1 AGAIN our ears have heard the voice
At which the dead shall live;
O may the sound our hearts rejoice,
And strength immortal give!

2 And have we heard the word with joy?
And have we felt its power?
To keep it be our blest employ,
Till life's extremest hour.

30. C. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

The Good Seed. After Sermon.

1 ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield, a hundred fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Nor let thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to thy throne,
Return to thee, and sadly tell
That we reject thy Son.

5 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow;
That all whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

31. 8 & 7s. M. CALAMY.

Before or after Sermon.

1 LORD of nature, source of light,
View in love thy world below;
Guide our erring footsteps right,
Through these scenes of guilt and woe.

2 Grant thy Spirit! By thy kindness
Let our errors be forgiven;
Heal our sins; dispel our blindness;
Then, conduct us safe to heaven.

32. 7s. M. COWPER.

Hymn of Benediction.

1 Now may he who from the dead
Brought the shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our king and head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.

33. 8 & 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

Hymn of Dismission.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above;
Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.

34. 8 & 7s. M. J. NEWTON.

Benediction.

1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford

35. L. M. Bp. Kenn.

Morning.

1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem;
Each present day, thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience, as the noontide, clear;
Think how the all-seeing God, thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins like morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

36. S. M. WATTS.

Excellence of God's Word. Morning. Ps. 19.

1 BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way!
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray.

6 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

37. C. M. Spirit of the Psalms.

Goodness of God. Morning. Ps. 147.

1 Delightful is the task to sing,
On each returning day,
The praises of our heavenly King,
And grateful homage pay.

2 The countless worlds, which, bathed in light,
Through fields of azure move,
Proclaim his wisdom and his might,
But O, how great his love!

3 He deigns each broken, contrite heart
With tender care to bind;
And comfort, hope and grace impart
To heal the wounded mind.

4 All creatures, with instinctive cry,
From God implore their food;
His bounty grants a rich supply,
And fills the earth with good.

5 Delightful is the task, O Lord!
With each returning day,
Thy countless mercies to record,
And grateful homage pay.

38. C. M. Watts.

Seeking God. Morning. Ps. 63.

1 Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

4 Thus till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

39. L. M. WATTS.

Morning Hymn.

1 GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies:

2 Oh, like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

4 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

40. L. M. Hawkesworth.

Morning Hymn.

1 In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night:
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.

2 New-born, I bless the waking hour;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God! to thee.

3 O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.

4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes:
Thy light shall give eternal day;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

41. C. M. Watts.

Morning Psalm. Ps. 5.

1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand:
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

3 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

4 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

5 The men who love and fear thy name,
Shall see their hopes fulfilled;
The mighty God will compass them
With favor as a shield.

42. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Morning Hymn.

1 LORD of my life! O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days
And fills the circling hours!

2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,
I pass the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm
And see returning light.

3 When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.

4 O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

5 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

43. 7s. M. Episcopal Col.

Morning Hymn.

1 Now the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may we be thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt and clear our sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we stand, and watch and pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

44. C. M. Gentleman's Magazine.

Morning Hymn.

1 On thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend;
In thee are founded all my hopes,
In thee my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
A sacrifice of praise.

3 God leads me through the maze of sleep,
And brings me safe to light;
And, with the same paternal care,
Conducts my steps till night.

4 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With his protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My wearied limbs to rest.

5 My spirit, in his hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

45. C. M. Montgomery.

Acknowledging God's Hand. Morning.

1 What secret hand, at morning light,
Softly unseals mine eye,
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky?

2 'T is thine, my God—the same that kept
My resting hours from harm;
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath the Almighty's arm.

3 'T is thine—my daily bread that brings,
Like manna scattered round,
And clothes me, as the lily springs
In beauty from the ground.

4 In death's dark valley though I stray,
'T would there my steps attend,
Guide with the staff my lonely way,
And with the rod defend.

5 May that sure hand uphold me still
Through life's uncertain race,
To bring me to thine holy hill,
And to thy dwelling-place.

46. L. M. 61. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

Morning or Evening.

1 As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials or its cares,
O Father, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend;
Teach me thy statutes all divine,
And let thy will be always mine.

2 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy, richly blest,
Guard me, my Father, while I rest:
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies!

3 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done—
Father, thine heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

47. 7s. M. Bowring.

All from God. Morning or Evening.

1 Father! thy paternal care
Has my guardian been, my guide!
Every hallowed wish and prayer
Has thy hand of love supplied;
Thine is every thought of bliss,
Left by hours and days gone by;
Every hope thy offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.

2 Every sun of splendid ray;
Every moon that shines serene;
Every morn that welcomes day;
Every evening's twilight scene;
Every hour which wisdom brings;
Every incense at thy shrine;
These—and all life's holiest things,
And its fairest,—all are thine.

3 And for all, my hymns shall rise
Daily to thy gracious throne:
Thither let my asking eyes
Turn unwearied—righteous One!
Through life's strange vicissitude
There reposing all my care,
Trusting still, through ill and good,
Fixed and cheered and counselled there.

48. L. M. Watts.

Watchfulness and Brotherly Reproof. Morning or Evening.
Ps. 141.

1 My God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house;
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering way!
Their gentle words, like ointment, shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them pressed with grief,
I'll cry to Heaven for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

49. L. M. Watts.

Morning or Evening Song.

1 My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies, from above.
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

50. 7s. M. Spirit of the Psalms

Safety in God. Morning or Evening. Ps. 91.

1 They who on the Lord rely,
Safely dwell, though danger 's nigh;
Lo, his sheltering wings are spread
O'er each faithful servant's head.

2 Vain temptation's wily snare;
Christians are Jehovah's care:
Harmless flies the shaft by day,
Or in darkness wings its way.

3 When they wake, or when they sleep,
Angel guards their vigils keep;
Death and danger may be near,
Faith and love have nought to fear.

51. L. M. Bp. Kenn

Evening Hymn.

1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thy own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, through thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him, ye angels round his throne;
Praise God, the high and holy ONE.

52. P. M. BP. HEBER.

Evening Aspiration.

GOD that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light!
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night!
May thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night!

53. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Evening Hymn.

1 INDULGENT God, whose bounteous care
O'er all thy works is shown,
O let my grateful praise and prayer
Ascend before thy throne!

2 What mercies has this day bestowed!
How largely hast thou blest!
My cup with plenty overflowed,
With cheerfulness my breast.

3 Now may sweet slumbers close my eyes,
From pain and sickness free;
And let my waking thoughts arise
To meditate on thee.

4 So bless each future day and night,
Till life's fond scene is o'er;
At length, to realms of endless light
Enraptured let me soar.

54. C. M. MORAVIAN.

Evening Hymn.

1 IN mercy, Lord, remember me,
This instant passing night,
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
O in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love.

3 Or if this night should prove the last,
And end my transient days,
Lord, take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

4 Thus I am sure to live or die
To thee, the God of love;
In life and death I do rely
On thee who reign'st above.

55. 7s. M. DODDRIDGE.

Evening Hymn.

1 INTERVAL of grateful shade,
Welcome to my weary head!
Welcome, slumbers, to mine eyes,
Tired with glaring vanities!

2 My great Master still allows
Needful periods of repose:
By my heavenly Father blest,
Thus I give my powers to rest.

3 Heavenly Father! gracious name!
Night and day his love the same!
Far be each suspicious thought,
Every anxious care forgot!

4 Thou, my ever-bounteous God,
Crown'st my days with various good;
Thy kind eye, which cannot sleep,
My defenceless hours shall keep.

5 What if death my sleep invade?
Should I be of death afraid?
While encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.

6 With thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labor rest:
Welcome, sleep or death, to me,
Still secure,—for still with thee!

56. S. M. Doddridge.

Evening Admonition.

1 The swift-declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

2 Ye mortals! mark its pace;
And use the hours of light;
And know, your Maker can command
An instantaneous night.

3 His word blots out the sun
In its meridian blaze,
And cuts from smiling vigorous youth
The remnant of its days.

4 On the dark mountain's brow
Your feet shall quickly slide;
And from its airy summit dash
Your momentary pride.

5 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the rolling sphere;
Submissive at his footstool bow.
And seek salvation there.

6 Then shall new lustre break
Through horror's darkest gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light
In a celestial home.

57. C. M. Bowring.

Nature's Evening Hymn.

1 The heavenly spheres to thee, O God,
Attune their evening hymn;
All wise, all holy, thou art praised
In song of seraphim!
Unnumbered systems, suns and worlds
Unite to worship thee,
While thy majestic greatness fills
Space, time, eternity.

2 Nature,—a temple worthy thee,
That beams with light and love;
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,
Whose stars rejoice above,
Whose altars are the mountain cliffs
That rise along the shore;
Whose anthems, the sublime accord
Of storm and ocean roar;

3 Her song of gratitude is sung
By spring's awakening hours;
Her summer offers at thy shrine
Its earliest, loveliest flowers;
Her autumn brings its ripened fruits
In glorious luxury given;
While winter's silver heights reflect
Thy brightness back to heaven.

4 On all thou smil'st; and what is man
Before thy presence, God?
A breath but yesterday inspired,
To-morrow but a clod.

That clod shall mingle in the vale,
But, kindled, Lord, by thee,
The spirit to thy arms shall spring,
To life, to liberty.

58. L. M. WATTS.

Evening Hymn.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days!
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head:
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
Thy love and kindness in my heart.

5 Thus when the night of death shall come.
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

59. P. M. ANONYMOUS.

Solemn Invocation.

1 COME, thou Almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing;
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Come, thou all gracious Lord!
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend!
Come, and thy children bless;
Give thy good word success;
Make thine own holiness
On us descend!

3 Never from us depart;
Rule thou in every heart,
Hence, evermore!
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

60. L. M BROWNE.

Praise to the only true God. Ps. 86.

1 ETERNAL God, almighty cause
Of earth and seas and worlds unknown·
All things are subject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possessed:
Controlled by none are thy commands,
Thou in thyself alone art blessed.

3 Worship to thee alone belongs;
Worship to thee alone we give;
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs;
And to thy glory may we live.

4 Lord, spread thy name through heathen lands;
Their idol deities dethrone;
Subdue the world to thy commands,
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

61. 10 & 11s. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

Adoring Praise. Ps. 104.

1 OH praise ye the Lord, his greatness proclaim;
Jehovah, our God, how awful thy name!
How vast is thy power, thy glory how great;
Lo, myriads of spirits thy mandates await!

2 Thy canopy 's heaven, in splendor so bright;
Thy chariot the clouds, thy garment the light·
The works of creation thy bidding perform;
Thou ridest the whirlwind, directest the storm.

3 What wisdom is shown, what power displayed
In all that thy hand hath fashioned and made!
The earth full of riches, in beauty complete;
The fathomless ocean, with wonders replete.

4 O thou, our great God, Redeemer and King,
With hearts full of love, to thee will we sing;
To life's latest moment our voices we 'll raise,
And join the full chorus of blessing and praise.

62. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

Thanksgiving and Holiness. Ps. 106.

1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray;
Who know what 's right; nor only so,
But always practise what they know.

4 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford:
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

5 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity;
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine.

63. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

Praise to God for his wonderful Works. Ps. 111

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; our God to praise
My soul her utmost powers shall raise:
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

2 His works, for greatness, though renowned,
His wondrous works with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.

3 His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim;
His truth, confirmed through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.

4 By precept he has us enjoined,
To keep his wondrous works in mind;
And to posterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.

64. 7s. M. MONTGOMERY.

Universal Praise. Ps. 117.

1 ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
All ye lands, your voices raise;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, forever praise.

2 For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

3 Praise him, ye who know his love;
Praise him, from the depths beneath:
Praise him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe!

65. L. M. WATTS.

Praise to God from all Nations. Ps. 117.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

66. S. M. WATTS.

Praise from all Nations. Ps. 117.

1 THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

67. 7s. M. MILTON.

Cheerful Praise. Ps. 136.

1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He, with all commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;
For his mercies, &c.

3 He his chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness;
For his mercies, &c.

4 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery;
For his mercies, &c.

5 All things living he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
For his mercies, &c.

6 Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth;
For his mercies, &c.

68. H. M. TATE & BRADY.

Praise to the Creator and Preserver. Ps 136

1 To God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great.
For God does prove
Our constant friend,
His boundless love
Shall never end

2 By his almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought;
The heavens by his command
Were to perfection brought.
For God does prove
Our constant friend,
His boundless love
Shall never end.

3 God spread the ocean round
About the spacious land,
And made the rising ground
Above the waters stand.
For God does prove
Our constant friend,
His boundless love
Shall never end.

4 Through heaven he did display
His numerous hosts of light;
The sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars by night.
For God does prove
Our constant friend,
His boundless love
Shall never end.

5 He does the food supply,
On which all creatures live;
To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give.
For God will prove
Our constant friend,
His boundless love
Shall never end.

69. L. M. WATTS.

Grace and Glory. Ps. 97.

1 TH' Almighty reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

3 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honors of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

70. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Praising God through the whole of our Existence. Ps. 146.

1 GOD of my life! through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all my powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O! when that last conflict 's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

71. C. P. M. OGILVIE.

Concert of Praise. Ps. 148.

1 BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey;
And praise the Almighty's name:
Lo! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies
In one melodious concert rise
To swell the inspiring theme.

2 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
To join the thunders of the skies,
Praise him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

3 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing,
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring;
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold
And tuned your voice to praise.

4 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heaven's broad arch ring back the sound,
The general burst of joy.

72. S. M. WATTS.

Universal Praise. Ps. 148.

1 LET every creature join
To praise the eternal God;
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fixed their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapors, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers or snow,
Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,
His power and glory show.

5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above
His honors be exprest;
But saints that taste his saving love
Should sing his praises best.

73. 8 & 7s. M. DUBLIN COL.

All Creatures invoked to praise God. Ps. 148.

1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light!

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name!

74. H. M. TATE & BRADY

Universal Praise. Ps. 148.

1 YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame;

Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim
And seraphim,
To sing his praise.

2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To him your homage pay.
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came:
And all shall last
From changes free:
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

4 United zeal be shown,
His wondrous fame to raise
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey:
His glorious sway
The sky transcends

75. 7s. M. MERRICK.

The Universal Hallelujah. Ps. 150.

1 PRAISE, O praise the name divine,
Praise him at the hallowed shrine;
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply.

2 All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praise that breath employ,
And in one great chorus join;
Praise, O praise the name divine.

76. C. M. WESLEY'S COL.

David's Ascription of Praise. 1 Chron. 29: 10.

1 BLEST be our everlasting Lord,
Our Father, God and King!
Thy sovereign goodness we record,
Thy glorious power we sing.

2 By thee the victory is given;
The majesty divine,
And strength and might and earth and heaven,
And all therein, is thine.

3 The kingdom, Lord, is thine alone,
Who dost thy right maintain,
And high on thy eternal throne
O'er men and angels reign.

4 Riches, as seemeth good to thee,
Thou dost and honor give;
And kings their power and dignity
Out of thy hand receive.

5 Thou hast on us the grace bestowed
Thy greatness to proclaim;
And therefore now we thank our God,
And praise thy glorious name.

77. 7s. M. J. Taylor.

Glory to God.

1 Glory be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well beloved of heaven.

2 Favored mortals, raise the song;
Endless thanks to God belong;
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise.

3 Mark the wonders of his hand;
Power, no empire can withstand;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme;
Goodness, one eternal stream.

4 Awful Being! from thy throne
Send thy promised blessings down:
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our raging passions cease.

78. L. M. Dyer.

Hymn to the Deity.

1 Greatest of beings! source of life,
Sovereign of air, and earth, and sea!
All nature feels thy power, and all
A silent homage pays to thee.

2 Waked by thy hand, the morning sun
Pours forth to thee its earlier rays,
And spreads thy glories as it climbs;
While raptured worlds look up and praise.

3 The moon to the deep shades of night
Speaks the mild lustre of thy name;
While all the stars, that cheer the scene,
Thee, the great Lord of light proclaim.

4 And groves, and vales, and rocks and hills,
And every flower, and every tree,
Ten thousand creatures warm with life,
Have each a grateful song for thee.

5 But man was formed to rise to heaven;
And blest with reason's clearer light,
He views his Maker through his works,
And glows with rapture at the sight.

6 Nor can the thousand songs that rise,
Whether from air, or earth, or sea,
So well repeat Jehovah's praise,
Or raise such sacred harmony.

79. 7s. M. SALISBURY COL.

Adoration.

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored;
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3 There no tongue shall silent be;
All shall join in harmony;
That through heaven's capacious round
Praise to thee may ever sound.

4 Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored.

80. L. M. Roscoe.

Song of Adoration.

1 Let one loud song of praise arise
To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows;
Who dwells enthroned above the skies,
And life and breath on all bestows.

2 Let all of good this bosom fires,
To him, sole good, give praises due;
Let all the truth himself inspires,
Unite to sing him only true.

3 In ardent adoration joined,
Obedient to thy holy will,
Let all our faculties combined,
Thy just commands, O God! fulfil.

4 O! may the solemn-breathing sound
Like incense rise before thy throne,
Where thou, whose glory knows no bound,
Great Cause of all things, dwell'st alone

81. L. M. Mrs. Opie.

Praise of God peculiarly due from Man.

1 There seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every opening flower,
Which tells, O Lord! the wondrous tale
Of thy indulgence, love, and power.

2 The birds that rise on soaring wing
Appear to hymn their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee a general pæan raise.

3 And shall my voice, great God, alone
Be mute 'midst nature's loud acclaim?
No; let my heart with answering tone
Breathe forth in praise thy holy name.

4 And nature's debt is small to mine,
Thou bad'st her being bounded be;
But—matchless proof of love divine—
Thou gav'st immortal life to me.

82. 10 & 11s. M. Park.

Thanksgiving and Praise.

1 My soul, praise the Lord, speak good of his name!
His mercies record, his bounties proclaim:
To God, their creator, let all creatures raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise!

2 Though hid from man's sight, God sits on his throne,
Yet here by his works their author is known:
The world shines a mirror its maker to show,
And heaven views its image reflected below.

3 By knowledge supreme, by wisdom divine,
God governs this earth with gracious design;
O'er beast, bird, and insect, his providence reigns,
Whose will first created, whose love still sustains.

4 And man, his last work, with reason endued,
Who, falling through sin, by grace is renewed;
To God, his creator, let man ever raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise!

83. C. M. PATRICK.

Te Deum.

1 O GOD, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry;

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou eternal Father art
Of boundless majesty.

84. L. M. Enfield.

Praise to the Lord of Nature.

1 O Thou! through all thy works adored,
Great power supreme, almighty Lord!
Author of life, whose sovereign sway
Creatures of every tribe obey:

2 To thee, most high, to thee belong
The suppliant prayer, the joyful song;
To thee we will attune our voice,
And in thy wondrous works rejoice.

3 Planets, those wandering worlds above,
Guided by thee, incessant move;
Suns, kindled by a ray divine,
In honor of their Maker shine.

4 From thee proceed heaven's varied store,
The changing wind, the fruitful shower,
The flying cloud, the colored bow,
The moulded hail, the feathered snow.

5 Tempests obey thy mighty will;
Thine awful mandate to fulfil,
The forked lightnings dart around,
And rive the oak, and blast the ground.

6 Yet pleased to bless, kind to supply,
Thy hand supports thy family,
And fosters, with a parent's care,
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air

85. 7s. M. SANDYS.

Harmony of Praise.

1 THOU who dwell'st enthroned above!
Thou, in whom we live and move!
Thou who art most great, most high!
God from all eternity!

2 O how sweet, how excellent
'T is when tongues and hearts consent,
Grateful hearts, and joyful tongues,
Hymning thee in tuneful songs!

3 When the morning paints the skies,
When the stars of evening rise,
We thy praises will record,
Sovereign Ruler! mighty Lord!

4 Decks the spring with flowers the field?
Harvest rich doth autumn yield?
Giver of all good below!
Lord, from thee these blessings flow.

5 Sovereign Ruler! mighty Lord!
We thy praises will record:
Giver of these blessings! we
Pour the grateful song to thee.

86. S. M. WATTS.

Praise for Preserving Grace.

1 To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'T is his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

87. 7s. M. MONTGOMERY.

Glory to God in the highest.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born.
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ

88. C. P. M. SMART.

The great I AM.

1 WE sing of God, the mighty source
Of all things, the stupendous force
On which all things depend;
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, power, and enterprise
Commence, and reign, and end.

2 The world, the clustering spheres he made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade;
Dale, plain, and grove and hill;
The multitudinous abyss,
Where nature joys in secret bliss,
And wisdom hides her skill.

3 Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said
To Moses, while earth heard in dread,
And smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, O Lord, THOU ART!

89. L. M. KIPPIS.

God Incomprehensible.

1 GREAT GOD! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through;
Our laboring powers with reverence own,
Thy glories never can be known.

2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

3 And yet thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal minds to know;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.

4 O! may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace;
Explore thy sacred truth, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.

90. C. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

God the only Object of Worship. Ps. 81.

1 O GOD, our strength, to thee the song
With grateful hearts we raise;
To thee, and thee alone, belong
All worship, love, and praise.

2 In trouble's dark and stormy hour,
Thine ear hath heard our prayer;
And graciously thine arm of power
Hath saved us from despair.

3 And thou, O ever gracious Lord,
Wilt keep thy promise still,
If, meekly hearkening to thy word,
We seek to do thy will.

4 Led by the light thy grace imparts,
Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols, which our wayward hearts
Set up instead of thee.

5 So shall thy choicest gifts, O Lord,
Thy faithful people bless;
For them shall earth its stores afford,
And heaven its happiness.

91. 6s. M. DRUMMOND

Unity of God.

1 THE God who reigns alone
O'er earth, and sea, and sky,
Let man with praises own,
And sound his honors high.

2 Him all in heaven above,
Him all on earth below,
The exhaustless source of love,
The great Creator know.

3 He formed the living frame,
He gave the reasoning mind
Then only He may claim
The worship of mankind.

4 So taught his only Son,
Blessed messenger of grace!
The Eternal is but one,
No second holds his place.

92. L. M. WATTS.

Greatness of God. Ps. 145.

1 My God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I 'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift; thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labor of their tongue.

6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds
Vast and unsearchable thy ways;
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

93. S. M. Watts.

God's Sovereignty and Man's Dignity. Ps. 8.

1 O Lord, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies:

3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man, that feeble thing,
Akin to dust and worms!

4 Lord, what is feeble man,
That thou shouldst love him so!
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.

5 How rich thy bounties are!
And wondrous are thy ways;
Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise.

6 O Lord, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

94. C. M. Sternhold

Majesty of God. Ps. 18.

1 The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he as sovereign Lord and King
For evermore shall reign.

95. C. M. H. K. White.

God's Power over his Works.

1 The Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves! and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 Ye nations, bend, in reverence bend,
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God!

96. L. M. Addison.

The Heavens declare the Glory of God. Ps. 19.

1 The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars which round her burn
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine—
"The hand that made us is divine."

97. C. M. Watts.

Power and Majesty of God. Ps. 89.

1 With reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.

2 How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power that vies with thee?
Or truth compared with thine?

3 The northern pole and southern rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day from east to west
Move round at thy command.

4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace;
While truth and mercy, joined in one,
Invite us near thy face.

98. L. M. Watts.

God Incomprehensible and Sovereign.

1 Can creatures to perfection find
The eternal, uncreated Mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?

2 'T is high as heaven, 't is deep as hell,
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.

3 God is a King, of power unknown;
Firm are the orders of his throne:
If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why, or what he does?

4 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole
And calms the tempest of the soul:
When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?

5 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

6 These are a portion of his ways:
But who shall dare describe his face?
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

99. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Seeing the Invisible.

1 ETERNAL and immortal King!
Thy peerless splendors none can bear;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his glory 's there.

2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see;
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fixed regard, great GOD! to thee.

3 Then every tempting form of sin,
Shamed in thy presence, disappears;
And all the glowing raptured soul
The likeness it contemplates, wears.

4 O ever conscious to my heart!
Witness to its supreme desire:
Behold, it presseth on to thee,
For it hath caught the heavenly fire.

5 This one petition would it urge—
To bear thee ever in its sight;
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight!

100. L. M. WALKER'S COL.

God Eternal and Unchangeable.

1 ALL-powerful, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain!
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign!

2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite, shall still
With undiminished lustre shine.

3 Fountain of being! Source of good!
Immutable thou dost remain!
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.

4 Earth may with all her powers dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will;
But thou forever art the same;
I AM is thy memorial still.

101. L. M. Spirit of the Psalms.

Eternity of God. Ps. 90.

1 Ere mountains reared their forms sublime,
Or the fair earth in order stood,
Before the birth of ancient time,
From everlasting thou art God.

2 A thousand ages in their flight
With thee are as a fleeting day;
Past, present, future, to thy sight
At once their various scenes display.

3 But our brief life's a shadowy dream,
A passing thought, that soon is o'er,
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.

4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give
So every precious hour to spend,
That we at length with thee may live.
Where life and bliss shall never end.

102. L. M. Doddridge.

Immutability of God. Ps. 102.

1 Great Former of this various frame!
Our souls adore thine awful name;
And bow, and tremble, while we praise
The Ancient of eternal days.

2 Beyond an angel's vision bright,
Thou dwell'st in self-existent light;
Which shines with undiminished ray,
While suns and worlds in smoke decay

3 Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun;
And, in the firmest state we boast,
A moth can crush us into dust.

4 But let the creatures fall around;
Let death consign us to the ground;
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies;

5 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see,
While grace secures us an abode,
Unshaken as the throne of GOD.

103. C. M. WATTS.

Eternal Dominion of God.

1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God! there's nothing new.

4 Our lives through varying scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God, how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

104. L. M. WATTS.

The Eternal and Sovereign God. Ps. 93.

1 JEHOVAH reigns! he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might:
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 Forever shall thy throne endure:
Thy promise stands forever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

105. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

Eternity and Sovereignty of God. Ps. 93.

1 WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How surely stablished is thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

106. L. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

God knows our Hearts and Ways. Ps. 139.

1 FATHER of spirits! Nature's God!
Our inmost thoughts are known to thee;
Thou, Lord, canst hear each idle word,
And every private action see.

2 Could we on morning's swiftest wings
Pursue our flight through trackless air;
Or dive beneath deep ocean's springs,
Thy presence still would meet us there.

3 In vain may guilt attempt to fly,
Concealed beneath the pall of night;
One glance from thy all-piercing eye
Can kindle darkness into light.

4 Search thou our hearts, and there destroy
Each evil thought, each secret sin;
And fit us for those realms of joy,
Where nought impure shall enter in

107. L. M. 6l. MONTGOMERY.

God Omnipresent and Omniscient. Ps. 139.

1 SEARCHER of hearts, to thee are known
The inmost secrets of my breast;
At home, abroad, in crowds, alone,
Thou mark'st my rising and my rest,
My thoughts far off, through every maze,
Source, stream and issue,—all my ways.

2 No word that from my mouth proceeds,
Evil or good, escapes thine ear;
Witness thou art to all my deeds,
Before, behind, forever near.
Such knowledge is for me too high;
I live but in my Maker's eye.

3 How from thy presence should I go,
Or whither from thy Spirit flee,
Since all above, around, below,
Exist in thine immensity?
If up to heaven I take my way,
I meet thee in eternal day;

4 If in the grave I make my bed
With worms and dust, lo, thou art there;
If, on the wings of morning sped,
Beyond the ocean I repair,
I feel thine all-controlling will,
And thy right hand upholds me still.

5 How precious are thy thoughts of peace,
O God, to me! how great the sum!
New every morn, they never cease;
They were, they are, and yet shall come,
In number and in compass, more
Than ocean's sand, or ocean's shore.

6 Search me, O God, and know my heart,
Try me, my secret soul survey,
And warn thy servant to depart
From every false and evil way;
So shall thy truth my guidance be
To life and immortality.

108. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

The All-seeing God. Ps. 139.

1 THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways;
Thou know'st what 't is my lips would vent,
My yet unuttered words' intent

3 Surrounded by thy power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand;
O skill, for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

4 O could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting thee!
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun?
Or whither from thy presence run?

5 If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

6 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the sable wings of night,
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

7 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes:
Thro' midnight shades thou find'st thy way,
As in the blazing noon of day.

8 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurks in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

109. L. M. Watts.

The All-seeing God. Ps. 139.

1 Lord, thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own.
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest·
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

110. C. M. WATTS.

God is everywhere. Ps. 139.

1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they 're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

111. C. M. WATTS.

Wisdom of God in his Works. Ps. 111.

1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God;
He has my heart, and he my tongue.
To spread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand hath wrought;
How glorious in our sight!
Good men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise the Eternal Mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts designed.

4 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim;
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name?

5 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace
Is our divinest skill;
And he 's the wisest of our race
That best obeys thy will.

112. L. M. WATTS.

Goodness of God to Soul and Body. Ps. 103.

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?

3 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels,
Redeems the soul from death, and saves
Our wasting life from threatening graves.

4 Our youth decayed, his power repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heavenly food.

5 He sees the oppressor and the oppressed,
And often gives the sufferers rest;
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.

113. C. M. Doddridge.

Mercy of God to the Frailty of Man. Ps. 103.

1 Lord, we adore thy wondrous name,
And make that name our trust,
Which raised at first this curious frame
From mean and lifeless dust.

2 Awhile these frail machines endure,
The fabric of a day;
Then know their vital powers no more,
But moulder back to clay.

3 Yet, Lord, whate'er is felt or feared,
This thought is our repose,
That He, by whom this frame was reared,
Its various weakness knows.

4 Thou view'st us with a pitying eye,
While struggling with our load;
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
Our Father, and our God.

5 Gently supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace;
Where every pain shall far remove,
And every frailty cease.

114. S. M. Watts.

Abounding Compassion of God. Ps. 103

1 My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

115. S. M. Watts.

Praising God for Mercies. Ps. 103.

1 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'T is he forgives thy sins,
'T is he relieves thy pain,
T is he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave:
He that redeemed my soul from death,
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest:
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

116. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Bless the Lord for his Mercies. Ps. 103.

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul;
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits:
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth,
And, like the eagle, he renews
The vigor of thy youth.

6 Then bless his holy name
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving kindness crowns thy days:
O bless the Lord, my soul!

117. L. M. TATE & BRADY.

Mercy of God. Ps. 103.

1 My soul, inspired with sacred love,
God's holy name forever bless;
Of all his favors mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.

2 The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace:
His wakened wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flows apace.

3 God will not always harshly chide,
But with his anger quickly part;
And loves his punishments to guide
More by his love than our desert.

4 As high as heaven its arch extends
Above this little spot of clay;
So much his boundless love transcends
The small respects that we can pay.

5 As far as 't is from east to west,
So far has he our sins removed,
Who with a father's tender breast
Has such as feared him always loved.

118. L. M. WATTS.

Praise for Protection, Grace and Truth. Ps. 57.

1 My God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown·
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings
Till the dark cloud is overblown

2 Up to the heavens I send my cry;
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fixed; my song shall raise
Immortal honors to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

119. S. M. Mrs. Steele.

God our Benefactor.

1 My Maker, and my King!
To thee my all I owe:
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
From whence my blessings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live:
My God! thy benefits demand
More praise than tongue can give.

4 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

120. S. M. Tate & Brady.

God merciful to Sinners. Ps. 25.

1 Thy mercies, and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever, kind.

2 His mercy, and his truth,
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wandering sinners home
And teaching them his ways.

3 He those in justice guides,
Who his direction seek;
And in his sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.

4 Through all the ways of God,
Both truth and mercy shine,
To such as with religious hearts
To his blessed will incline

121. L. M. Sewall's Col.

Loving-kindness of God.

1 Father, to thy kind love we owe
All that is fair and good below;
Bestower of the health that lies
On tearless cheeks and cheerful eyes!

2 Giver of sunshine and of rain!
Ripener of fruits on hill and plain!
Fountain of light, that, rayed afar,
Fills the vast urns of sun and star!

3 Who send'st thy storms and frosts to bind
The plagues that rise to waste mankind;
Then breathest, o'er the naked scene,
Spring gales, and life, and tender green.

4 Yet deem we not that thus alone
Thy mercy and thy love are shown;
For we have learned, with higher praise,
And holier names, to speak thy ways.

5 In woe's dark hour, our kindest stay!
Sole trust when life shall pass away!
Teacher of hopes that light the gloom
Of death, and consecrate the tomb!

6 Patient, with headstrong guilt to bear;
Slow to avenge, and kind to spare;
Listening to prayer, and reconciled
Full quickly to thy erring child!

122. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Earth full of the Goodness of God.

1 GOD, in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres;
Yet in his providence and grace
To every eye appears.

2 He bows the heavens; the mountains stand,
A highway for our God:
He walks amidst the desert-land;
'T is Eden where he trod.

3 The forests in his strength rejoice;
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees.

4 In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his Spirit blows,—
The breath of life and health.

5 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruits and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

6 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found!

123. L. M. 61. WATTS.

Goodness and Truth of God. Ps. 146.

1 I 'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust:
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour;
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth and seas with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure:
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind:
He sends the laboring conscience peace:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

5 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

124. C. M. WATTS.

God merciful, and hearing Prayer. Ps. 145.

1 LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distressed
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

3 The Lord supports our tottering days,
And guides our giddy youth:
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pain his servants feel,
He hears his children cry;
And, their best wishes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere:
He saves the souls, whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

125. C. M. WATTS.

Goodness of God. Ps. 145.

1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food:
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

126. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Divine Goodness acknowledged. Ps. 34.

1 TRIUMPHANT, Lord, thy goodness reigns,
Through all the wide celestial plains;
And its full streams redundant flow
Down to the abodes of men below.

2 Through nature's works its glories shine;
The cares of Providence are thine;
And grace erects our mortal frame
The fairest temple to thy name.

3 O give to every human heart
To taste and feel how good thou art;
With grateful love, and reverend fear,
To know how blest thy children are.

127. C. M. Browne.

Universal Goodness of God.

1 Lord, thou art good! all nature shows
Its mighty Author kind:
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Full, free, and unconfined.

2 The whole in every part proclaims
Thy infinite good will;
It shines in stars, and flows in streams,
And bursts from every hill.

3 We view it o'er the spreading main,
And heavens which spread more wide;
It drops in gentle showers of rain,
And rolls in every tide.

4 Long hath it been diffused abroad,
Through ages past and gone;
Nor ever can exhausted be,
But still keeps flowing on.

5 Through the whole earth it pours supplies.
Spreads joy through every part:
O may such love attract my eyes,
And captivate my heart!

6 My highest admiration raise,
My best affections move!
Employ my tongue in songs of praise
And fill my heart with love!

128. S. M. Watts.

Holiness of God. Ps. 99.

1 Exalt the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet:
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race:
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abused his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same:
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

129. L. M. Wesley's Col

Holiness of God.

1 Holy as thou, O Lord, is none!
Thy holiness is all thine own;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours, a drop derived from thee.

2 And when thy purity we share,
Thy glory we alone declare;
And, humbled into nothing, own
Holy and pure is God alone.

3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all the heavenly hosts adored,
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy peerless majesty.

130. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Lord is Righteous. Ps. 11.

1 THE Lord is in his holy place,
And from his throne on high,
He looks upon the human race
With omnipresent eye.

2 He proves the righteous, marks their path;
In him the weak are strong;
But violence provokes his wrath:
The Lord abhorreth wrong.

3 The righteous Lord will take delight
Alone in righteousness;
The just are pleasing in his sight,
The humble he will bless.

131. C. M. WATTS.

Faithfulness of God. Ps. 89.

1 MY never-ceasing songs shall show
The mercies of the Lord;
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure;
And if he speaks a promise once,
The eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
The promised Jewish throne!
But there 's a nobler covenant sealed
To David's greater Son.

4 His seed forever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of Hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honors raise
To thine unchanging love.

132. H. M. DODDRIDGE.

God's Fidelity to his Promises.

1 THE promises I sing
Which sovereign love hath spoke:
Nor will the eternal King
His words of grace revoke;
They stand secure,
And steadfast still;
Not Zion's hill
Abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away
When once the Judge appears.
And sun and moon decay
That measure mortal years;
But still the same
In radiant lines
The promise shines
Through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
Through mine attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres;
Midst all the shock
Of that dread scene,
I stand serene,
Thy word my rock.

133. C. M. JERVIS.

The Attributes of God our Confidence.

1 GREAT GOD! thine attributes divine,
Thy glorious works and ways,
The wonders of thy power and might,
The universe displays.

2 In safety may thy children rest
On thy sustaining arm,
Extended still, and strong to save
From danger and alarm.

3 O may thy gracious presence, LORD,
Chase anxious fears away;
Amidst the ruins of the world,
Our guardian and our stay!

134. C. M. WATTS.

Perfections of God. Ps. 111.

1 GREAT is the Lord; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs:
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food;
And, ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came,
To seal his covenant sure:
Holy and reverend is his name;
His ways are just and pure.

4 They that would grow divinely wise
Must with his fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

135. L. M. WATTS.

Perfections and Providence of God. Ps. 36.

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God!
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large;
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

136. H. M. WATTS.

Perfections of God.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine
With beams so bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law:
And where his love
Resolves to bless,
His truth confirms
And seals the grace.

3 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name,
I love his word;
Join all my powers
And praise the Lord

137. C. M. Beddome.

Providence and Grace unsearchable.

1 Almighty God, thy wondrous works
Of providence and grace,
An angel's perfect mind exceed,
And all our pride abase.

2 Stupendous heights! amazing depths!
Creatures in vain explore;
Or if a transient glimpse we gain,
'T is faint, and quickly o'er.

3 Though all the mysteries lie concealed
Beyond what we can see,
Grant us the knowledge of ourselves,
The knowledge, Lord, of thee.

138. C. M. J. Taylor.

Trust in God through all Changes.

1 Father divine! before thy view
All worlds, all creatures lie;
No distance can elude thy search,
No action 'scape thine eye.

2 From thee our vital breath we drew;
Our childhood was thy care;
And vigorous youth and feeble age
Thy kind protection share.

3 Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
Thy ceaseless bounty flows;
Oppressed with woe, when nature faints,
Thine arm is our repose.

4 To thee we look, thou Power Supreme
O still our wants supply!
Safe in thy presence may we live,
And in thy favor die.

139. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Providential Bounties improved.

1 FATHER of lights! we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day;
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love display.

2 Fountain of good! from thee proceed
The copious drops of genial rain,
Which o'er the hill and through the mead
Revive the grass and swell the grain.

3 Through the wide world thy bounties spread;
Yet millions of our guilty race,
Though by thy daily bounty fed,
Affront thy law, and spurn thy grace.

4 Not so may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But what thy liberal hand imparts,
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.

5 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, O God! enjoyed in all.

140. H. M. WATTS.

God's Mercies of Creation and Redemption. Ps. 136.

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord;
The sovereign King of kings;
And be his grace adored.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

3 He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe,
From darkness, sin, and death
And every hurtful foe.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

4 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

141. L. M. WATTS.

God's Mercies of Creation and Redemption. Ps. 136.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise!
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

5 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

142. C. M. Watts.

God our Refuge. Ps. 27.

1 Soon as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children, seek my grace,"
My heart replied without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Should friends and kindred, near and dear
Leave me to want or die,
My God will make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

3 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believed
To see thy grace provide relief;
Nor was my hope deceived.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up:
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

143. C. M. Cowper.

Mysteries of Providence.

1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints! fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

144. L. M. WESLEY'S COL.

Deliverances acknowledged.

1 GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head!

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, O! whither should I fly,
But to my loving Father's breast,
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest?

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O God, my wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run;
But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish and impotent and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

145. L. M. Dyer.

Universal Care of Providence acknowledged.

1 Greatest of beings, source of life,
Sovereign of air, of earth, and sea!
All nature feels thy power, but man
A grateful tribute pays to thee.

2 Subject to wants, to thee he looks,
And from thy goodness seeks supplies;
And, when oppressed with guilt he mourns,
Thy mercy lifts him to the skies.

3 Children, whose little minds, unformed,
Ne'er raised a tender thought to heaven;
And men, whom reason lifts to God,
Though oft by passion downward driven;—

4 Those, too, who bend with age and care,
And faint and tremble near the tomb;
Who, sickening at the present scenes,
Sigh for that better state to come:—

5 All, great Creator! all are thine;
All feel thy providential care;
And, through each varying scene of life
Alike thy constant pity share.

6 And whether grief oppress the heart;
Or whether joy elate the breast;
Or life still keep its little course;
Or death invite the heart to rest:—

7 All are thy messengers, and all
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord, obey:
And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to bliss, and nearer thee.

146. L. M. Browne.

Dependence on Providence.

1 Great Lord of earth, and seas, and skies;
Thy wealth the needy world supplies:
And safe beneath thy guardian arm,
We live secured from every harm.

2 To thee perpetual thanks we owe
For all our comforts here below;
Our daily bread thy bounty gives,
And every rising want relieves.

3 To thee we cheerful homage bring;
In grateful hymns thy praises sing;
On thee we ever will depend,
The rich, the sure, the faithful friend.

147. C. M. Doddridge.

Divine Goodness in moderating Affliction.

1 Great Ruler of all nature's frame,
We own thy power divine;
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.

2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sovereign will;
And, awed by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.

3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
To those who seek thy face,
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of thy grace.

4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease;
And gales of Paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.

148. C. M. West Boston Col.

God just and wise in afflictive Appointments.

1 If Providence, to try my heart,
Afflictions should prepare,
To God submissive may I bend,
And keep me from despair.

2 Whate'er he orders must be just;
Then let me kiss the rod,
Nor, poorly sunk, at all distrust
The goodness of my God.

3 The mind to which I owe my own,
To guide this mind is wise;
And he, to whom my faults are known
The fittest to chastise.

4 Then, till life's latest sands are run
O teach me, Power Divine,
Still to reply, thy will be done,
Whate'er becomes of mine.

149. L. M. Doddridge.

God our Deliverer. Ps. 116.

1 Great Source of life! our souls confess
The various riches of thy grace;
Crowned with thy mercy, we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice.

2 By thee heaven's shining arch was spread;
By thee were earth's foundations laid;
And all the charms of man's abode
Proclaim the wise, the gracious God.

3 Thy tender hand restores our breath,
When trembling on the verge of death;
Gently it wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.

4 These lives are sacred to the Lord;
Kindled by him, by him restored;
And, while our hours renew their race,
Still would we walk before his face.

5 So when, by him, our souls are led
Through unknown regions of the dead,
With joy triumphant may we move
To seats of nobler life above!

150. C. P. M. Exeter Col.

Providential Goodness of God.

1 Great Source of unexhausted good,
Who giv'st us health, and friends, and food.
And peace, and calm content,
Like fragrant incense, to the skies,
Let songs of grateful praises rise,
For all thy blessings lent.

2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy providence attends our way,
To guard us and to guide;
Thy grace directs our wandering will,
And warns us, lest seducing ill
Allure our souls aside.

3 Thy smiles, with a reviving light,
Cheer the long darksome hours of night,
And gild the thickest gloom;
Thy watchful love, around our bed,
Doth softly like a curtain spread,
And guard the peaceful room.

4 To thee our lives, our all we owe,
Our peace and sweetest joys below,
And brightest hopes above;
Then let our lives, and all that's ours,
Our souls, and all our active powers,
Be sacred to thy love.

151. S. M. Doddridge.

God's Care a Remedy for ours.

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
"Come cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care."

2 While providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guide his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day;
I 'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

152. S. M. Doddridge.

God wise and merciful in Chastisement.

1 How gracious and how wise
Is our chastising God!
And O! how rich the blessings are,
That blossom from his rod!

2 He lifts it up on high
With pity in his heart,
That every stroke his children feel
May grace and peace impart.

3 Instructed thus, they bow,
And own his sovereign sway;
They turn their erring footsteps back
To his forsaken way.

4 His covenant love they seek,
And seek the happy bands,
That closer still engage their hearts
To honor his commands.

5 Our Father, we consent
To discipline divine;
And bless the pains that make our souls
Still more completely thine.

153. L. M. Watts.

Blessing of God needful in all Things. Ps. 127.

1 If God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost;
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

2 What if you rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and sparing eat your bread,
To shun that poverty you dread;

3 'T is all in vain, till God hath blest;
He can make rich, yet give us rest;
Children and friends are blessings too,
If God our sovereign make them so.

4 Happy the man, to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends!
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are seasoned with his love!

154. C. M. Watts.

God all in all. Ps. 127.

1 If God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain;
And towns, without his wakeful eye,
A useless watch maintain.

2 Before the morning beams arise,
Your painful work renew,
And, till the stars ascend the skies,
Your tiresome toil pursue;

3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare;
In vain, till God has blest;
But if his smiles attend your care,
You shall have food and rest.

4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.

155. C. M. WATTS.

Blessing on Children.

1 How large the promise, how divine,
To Abra'm and his seed!
"I 'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessings sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms
To our great fathers given;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God, how faithful are his wavs!
His love endures the same,
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

156. C. M. STERNHOLD.

God our Shepherd. Ps. 23.

1 My Shepherd is the living Lord,
I therefore nothing need;
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,
He setteth me to feed.

2 He shall convert and glad my soul,
And bring my mind in frame
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For his most holy name.

3 Yea, though I walk the vale of death,
Yet will I fear no ill;
Thy rod and staff they comfort me,
And thou art with me still.

4 And, in the presence of my foes,
My table thou shalt spread;
Thou wilt fill full my cup, and thou
Anointed hast my head.

5 Through all my life thy favor is
So frankly shown to me,
That in thy house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

157. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

God our Shepherd. Ps. 23.

1 The Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide;
The shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

3 He does my wandering soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

5 Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend

158. L. M. 61. Addison.

God our Shepherd. Ps. 23.

1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

159. L. M. WATTS.

God our Shepherd. Ps. 23.

1 My shepherd is the living Lord:
Now shall my wants be well supplied:
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.

2 In pastures where salvation grows,
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food's divinely blest.

3 My wandering feet his ways mistake;
But he restores my soul to peace,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.

4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my shepherd's with me there.

5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps,
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

6 Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his household all their days;
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face, and sing his praise.

160. C. M. WATTS.

God our Shepherd. Ps. 23.

1 My shepherd will supply my need;
Jehovah is his name:
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thine house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise.

5 There would I find a settled rest.
While others go and come,
No more a stranger or a guest
But like a child at home

161. S. M. Watts.

God our Shepherd. Ps. 23.

1 The Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My shepherd 's with me there.

5 In sight of all my foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

162. 7s. M. MERRICK.

God our Shepherd. Ps. 23.

1 Lo, my shepherd's hand divine!
Want shall never more be mine:
In a pasture fair and large
He shall feed his happy charge.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
He shall lead my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 He my soul anew shall frame,
And, his mercy to proclaim,
When through devious paths I stray,
Teach my steps the better way.

4 Thou my plenteous board hast spread;
Thou with oil refreshed my head;
Filled by thee, my cup o'erflows;
For thy love no limit knows.

5 Constant, to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend,
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

163. 11s. M. MONTGOMERY.

God our Shepherd. Ps. 23.

THE Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know:
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow;
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps, till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

164. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Divine Presence and Help.

1 And art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God forever near?

2 Doth thy right hand, which formed the earth,
And bears up all the skies,
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,
When dangers round us rise?

3 On this support our souls shall lean,
And banish every care;
The gloomy vale of death will smile,
If God be with us there.

4 While we his gracious succor prove,
'Midst all our various ways,
The darkest shades, through which we pass,
Shall echo with his praise.

165. L. M. Watts.

Darkness of Providence.

1 Lord, we adore thy vast designs,
The obscure abyss of providence!
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 Through seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the terrors of the night.

3 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still let us lean upon our God;
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

166. L. M. Tate & Brady.

Confidence in God's Protection. Ps. 18.

1 No change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou hast always been a rock,
A fortress, and defence to me.

2 Thou my deliverer art, my God;
My trust is in thy mighty power:
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

3 Thou to the just shalt justice show;
The pure thy purity shall see:
Such as perversely choose to go,
Shall meet with due returns from thee.

4 Then who deserves to be adored,
But God, on whom my hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless power defend?

167. 7s. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

Providence adored in all Changes.

1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days:
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ;

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use.

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds, that drop their fattening dews,
Suns, that temperate warmth diffuse;

4 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;—

5 These to thee, our God! we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow!
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

6 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

7 Should thine altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;

8 Still to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee—for thyself alone.

168. 7s. M. RYLAND.

Our Times in the Hand of God.

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

2 Thou didst form me by thy power;
Thou wilt guide me, hour by hour;
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by thy wise decree:

3 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;

4 Times temptation's power to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love;
All is fixed, the means and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend

169. L. M. Doddridge.

God the Eternal Dwelling-place. Ps. 90.

1 Thou, Lord, through every changing scene,
Hast to thy saints a refuge been;
Through every age, eternal God,
Their pleasing home, their safe abode.

2 In thee our fathers sought their rest,
In thee our fathers still are blest;
And while the tomb confines their dust,
In thee their souls abide, and trust.

3 Lo, we are risen, a feeble race,
Awhile to fill our fathers' place;
Our helpless state with pity view,
And let us share their refuge too.

4 Through all the thorny paths we trace
In this uncertain wilderness,
When friends desert, and foes invade,
Revive our heart and guard our head.

5 So when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we must dwell in flesh no more,
To thee our separate souls shall come,
And find in thee a surer home.

6 To thee our infant race we leave;
Them may their fathers' God receive;
That voices yet unformed may raise
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

170. S. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

God working in the Soul.

1 'T is God the spirit leads
In paths before unknown:
The work to be performed is ours;
The strength is all his own.

2 Assisted by his grace,
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

3 'T is he that works to will,
'T is he that works to do;
He is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

171. C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Kindness and Constancy of Providence.

1 THY kingdom, Lord, forever stands,
While earthly thrones decay;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.

2 Thy sovereign bounty freely gives
Its unexhausted store,
And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining power.

3 Holy and just in all its ways
Is providence divine;
In all its works, immortal rays
Of power and mercy shine.

4 The praise of God,—delightful theme!—
Shall fill my heart and tongue:
Let all creation bless his name
In one eternal song.

172. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

Distinguished Goodness of God to Man.

1 Thy wisdom, power and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear;
But most thy praise should man record,
Man, thy distinguished care.

2 From thee the breath of life he drew;
That breath thy power maintains;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.

3 Thy providence, his constant guard,
When threatening ills impend,
Or will th' impending dangers ward,
Or timely succors lend.

4 Yet nobler favors claim his praise,
Of reason's light possest;
By revelation's brighter rays
Still more divinely blest.

5 All bounteous Lord, thy grace impart;
O teach me to improve
Thy gifts with ever grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

173. L. M. Watts.

Divine Protection. Ps. 121.

1 Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives,
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

2 He lives; the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way,
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.

6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord! his heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare

174. H. M. WATTS

God our Preserver. Ps. 121.

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes;
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes,
Which never sleep,
Shall Israel keep,
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there.
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word,
To save my soul from death;
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath.

I 'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

175. L. M. Watts.

God's Love of the Saints. Ps. 34.

1 Lord, I will bless thee all my days;
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me;
Let every heart exalt his name:
I sought th' eternal God, and he
Has not exposed my hope to shame.

3 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord:
O fear and love him, all his saints;
Taste of his grace, and trust his word

176. C. M. Addison.

God's merciful and constant Protection.

1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I 'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

6 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

177. L. M. WATTS.

God's Majesty and Grace.

1 LORD, we are blind, we mortals blind;
We can't behold thy bright abode:
Oh, 't is beyond a creature mind
To glance a thought half-way to God.

2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky,
The great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.

3 The Lord of Glory builds his seat
Of gems incomparably bright,
And lays beneath his sacred feet
Substantial beams of gloomy night.

4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look through and cheer us from above;
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies;
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

178. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

God the Trust of the Righteous. Ps. 125.

1 WHO make the Lord of hosts their tower,
Shall like Mount Zion be,
Immovable by mortal power,
Built on eternity.

2 As round about Jerusalem
The guardian mountains stand,
So shall the Lord encompass them
Who hold by his right hand.

3 The rod of wickedness shall ne'er
Against the just prevail,
Lest innocence should find a snare,
And tempted virtue fail.

4 Do good, O Lord, do good to those
Who cleave to thee in heart,
Who on thy truth alone repose,
Nor from thy law depart.

179. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

God shining into the Heart.

1 PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright!
His presence gilds the worlds above,
The unchanging source of light and love.

2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,
When in substantial darkness veiled;
Let there be light, Jehovah said;
And light o'er all its face was spread.

3 He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice,
And darts from heaven a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.

4 Shine, mighty God, with vigor shine
On this benighted heart of mine;
And let thy glories stand revealed,
As in the Saviour's face beheld.

5 My soul, revived by heaven-born day,
Thy radiant image shall display,
While all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord, who gives me light.

180. L. M. Tate & Brady.

God the sure Resort of the Righteous. Ps. 36.

1 O Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope,
The highest orb of heaven transcends:
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope
Beyond the sparkling skies extends.

2 Thy justice like the hills remains;
Unfathomed depths thy judgments are:
Thy providence the world sustains;
The whole creation is thy care.

3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust.

4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast;
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall forever last.

181. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Paternal Providence of God.

1 THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God! conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To all their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thine eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue the appointed end.

4 Be this my care!—to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be;
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed my soul, Great God! on thee

182. S. M. Watts

The Books of Nature and Scripture. Ps. 19.

1 Behold! the lofty sky
Declares its Maker, God;
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye Christian lands, rejoice!
Here he reveals his word;
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

6 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.

183. L. M. Watts.

The Books of Nature and Scripture. Ps. 19.

1 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord!
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But, when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven

184. C. M. Tate & Brady.

God's perfect Law. Ps. 19.

1 God's perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires.

2 The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight;
His pure commands in search of truth
Assist the feeblest sight.

3 His perfect worship here is fixed,
On sure foundations laid;
His equal laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weighed.

4 But what frail man observes how oft
He does from virtue fall?
O! cleanse me from my secret faults,
Thou God, that know'st them all.

5 Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me;
That, by thy grace preserved, I may
The great transgression flee.

185. C. M. Montgomery.

Perfection of the Law and Testimony. Ps. 19.

1 Thy law is perfect, Lord of light,
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of thy realm are right.
And thy commandment pure.

2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise:
Let these be gladness to my ears,
The dayspring to mine eyes.

3 By these may I be warned betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes,
Cleanse me from secret sin.

4 So may the words my lips express,
The thoughts that throng my mind,
O Lord, my strength and righteousness,
With thee acceptance find.

186. L. M. 61. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

Praise to God for his Word. Ps. 56.

1 JOIN, all ye servants of the Lord,
To praise him for his sacred word,—
That word like manna, sent from heaven,
To all who seek it freely given:
Its promises our fears remove,
And fill our hearts with joy and love.

2 It tells us, though oppressed with cares,
The God of mercy hears our prayers;
Though steep and rough the appointed way,
His mighty arm shall be our stay;
Though deadly foes assail our peace,
His power shall bid their malice cease.

3 It tells who first inspired our breath,
And who redeemed our souls from death;
It tells of grace, grace freely given,
And shows the path to God and heaven
O bless we then our gracious Lord,
For all the treasures of his word!

187. C. M. Spirit of the Psalms.

Study of God's Word. Ps. 112.

1 Happy the children of the Lord,
Who, walking in his sight,
Make all the precepts of his word
Their study and delight.

2 That precious wealth shall be their dower
Which cannot know decay,
Which moth or rust shall ne'er devour,
Nor spoiler take away.

3 For them that heavenly light shall spread,
Whose cheering rays illume
The darkest hours of life, and shed
A halo round the tomb.

4 Their works of piety and love,
Performed through Christ their Lord,
Forever registered above,
Shall meet a sure reward.

188. C. M. Watts.

Instruction from Scriptures. Ps. 119.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction finds,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 The starry heavens thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place;
And these thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and power express.

5 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.

6 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

189. C. M. WATTS.

Excellence of the Scriptures. Ps. 119.

1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book,
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.

3 I 've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the powers of nature fall
And can no farther go!

4 Our faith and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

190. C. M. Watts.

The Word of God our Portion. Ps. 119.

1 Lord, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.

3 'T is a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have;
It makes our sorrows blest:
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

191. C. M. Tate & Brady.

Divine Instruction implored. Ps. 119.

1 Instruct me in thy statutes, Lord!
Thy righteous paths display;
And I from them, through all my life,
Will never go astray.

2 If thou true wisdom from above
Wilt graciously impart,
To keep thy perfect laws I will
Devote my zealous heart.

3 Direct me in the sacred ways
To which thy precepts lead;
Because my chief delight has been
Thy righteous paths to tread.

4 From those vain objects turn my eyes
Which this false world displays;
But give me lively power and strength
To keep thy righteous ways.

192. L. M. MERRICK.

Desire of Instruction. Ps. 119.

1 TEACH me, O teach me, Lord! thy way;
So to my life's remotest day,
By thy unerring precepts led,
My willing feet its paths shall tread.

2 Informed by thee, with sacred awe
My heart shall meditate thy law;
And, with celestial wisdom filled,
To thee its full obedience yield.

3 Give me to know thy words aright,
Thy words, my soul's supreme delight;
That, purged from thirst of gold, my mind
In them its better wealth may find.

4 O turn from vanity mine eye;
To me thy quickening strength supply;
And with thy promised mercy cheer
A heart devoted to thy fear.

193. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

Excellence of the Scriptures.

1 Father of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructer, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word
And view my Saviour there.

194. L. M. Beddome.

Excellence of the Gospel.

1 God, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live;
It bids the drooping saint revive.

3 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

4 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

195. S. M. Scott.

Searching the Scriptures.

1 Imposture shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye:
But sacred truths the test invite,
They bid us search and try.

2 O may we still maintain
A meek, inquiring mind;
Assured we shall not search in vain,
But hidden treasures find.

3 With understanding blest,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.

4 Lord, give the light we need;
With soundest knowledge fill;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.

5 The truth thou shalt impart,
May we with firmness own;
Abhorring each evasive art,
And fearing thee alone.

196. C. M. COWPER.

Light and Glory of the Word.

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun!
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love;
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

197. L. M. WATTS.

Prophecy and Inspiration.

1 'T was by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wrought,
Confirmed the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

3 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost, and vanished in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word, and must endure.

198. L. M. BEDDOME.

The Scriptures our Light and Guide.

1 When Israel through the desert passed,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them through the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.

2 Such is thy glorious word, O God;
'T is for our light and guidance given;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven.

3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers;
It sets our wandering footsteps right,
Displays thy love, and kindles ours.

4 Its promises rejoice our hearts;
Its doctrines are divinely true:
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts;
It comforts and instructs us too.

5 Ye favored lands, who have this word,
Ye saints, who feel its saving power,
Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,
And his distinguished grace adore.

199. C. M. C. Wesley.

Heavenly Bread.

1 What is the chaff, the word of man,
When set against the wheat?
Can it a dying soul sustain,
Like that immortal meat?

2 Thy word, O God, with heavenly bread
The children doth supply;
And those who by thy word are fed,
Their souls shall never die.

200. L. M. Doddridge.

Divine Teachings and their happy Consequences.

1 Bright Source of intellectual rays,
Father of spirits and of grace,
O dart, with energy unknown,
Celestial beamings from thy throne.

2 Thy sacred book we would survey,
Enlightened with that heavenly day;
And ask thy Spirit with the word,
To teach our souls to know the Lord.

3 So shall our children learn the road
That leads them to their fathers' God,
And, formed by lessons so divine,
Shall infant minds with knowledge shine.

4 So shall the haughtiest soul submit,
With children placed at Jesus' feet;
The rising swell of pride shall cease,
And thy sweet voice be heard in peace.

201. L. M. BEDDOME.

Teachings of the Spirit.

1 COME, blessed Spirit, source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.

2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy word reveals;
Cause me to run the heavenly way;
The book unfold, unloose the seals.

3 Thine inward teachings make me know,
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The emptiness of things below,
The excellence of things above.

4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

202. C. M. Christian Psalmist.

The Seed of the Word.

1 Lord of the harvest, God of grace,
Send down thy heavenly rain:
In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water too in vain.

2 May no vain thoughts, those birds of prey,
Defraud us of our gain;
Nor anxious cares, those baleful thorns,
Choke up the precious grain.

3 Ne'er may our hearts be like the rock,
Where but the blade can spring,
Which, scorched with heat, becomes by noon
A dead, a useless thing.

4 Let not the joys thy gospel gives
A transient rapture prove;
Nor may the world by smiles and frowns
Our faith and hope remove.

5 But may our hearts, like fertile soil,
Receive the heavenly word;
So shall our fair and ripened fruits
Their hundred fold afford.

203. C. M. Bp. Heber.

The Seed of the Word.

1 O God, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest;
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast;

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care!

3 Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,
Do thou thy grace supply:
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky.

204. C. M. WATTS.

Supplication for a Blessing on the Word.

1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

3 Great God, thy sovereign power impart
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

4 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high:
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

205. C. M. WATTS.

Message of John the Baptist.

1 JOHN was the prophet of the Lord,
To go before his face;
The herald which the Prince of Peace
Sent to prepare his ways.

2 He makes the great salvation known,
He speaks of pardoned sins;
While grace divine, and heavenly love,
In its own glory shines.

3 "Behold the Lamb of God," he cries,
"That takes our guilt away:
I saw the Spirit o'er his head
On his baptizing day.

4 "Be every vale exalted high,
Sink every mountain low;
The proud must stoop, and humble souls
Shall his salvation know.

5 "The heathen realms with Israel's land
Shall join in sweet accord;
And all that's born of man shall see
The glory of the Lord.

6 "Behold the Morning Star arise,
Ye that in darkness sit;
He marks the path that leads to peace,
And guides our doubtful feet."

206. 11s. M. DRUMMOND.

Prepare ye the Way of the Lord.

1 A voice from the desert comes awful and shrill;
The Lord is advancing! prepare ye the way!
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,
And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day.

2 Bring down the proud mountain, though towering to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high:
The rough path and crooked be made smooth and even,
For, Zion! your King, your Redeemer is nigh.

3 The beams of salvation his progress illume;
The lone dreary wilderness sings of her Lord;
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spreads its branches abroad.

207. C. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

Christ's Coming foretold.

1 Behold my servant; see him rise
Exalted in my might!
Him have I chosen, and in him
I place supreme delight.

2 On him, in rich effusion poured,
My Spirit shall descend;
My truths and judgment he shall show
To earth's remotest end.

3 Gentle and still shall be his voice;
No threats from him proceed;
The smoking flax shall he not quench,
Nor break the bruised reed.

4 The feeble spark to flames he 'll raise;
The weak will not despise;
Judgment he shall bring forth to truth,
And make the fallen rise.

5 The progress of his zeal and power
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law divine.

208. C. M. Spirit of the Psalms.

The Day-Spring from on High. Ps. 130.

1 Great God, wert thou extreme to mark
The deeds we do amiss,
Before thy presence who could stand,
Who claim thy promised bliss?
But oh! all merciful and just,
Thy love surpasseth thought;
A gracious Saviour has appeared,
And peace and pardon brought.

2 Thy servants in the temple watched
The dawning of the day,
Impatient with its earliest beams
Their holy vows to pay;
And chosen saints far off beheld
That great and glorious morn,
When the glad day-spring from on high
Auspiciously should dawn.

3 On us the Sun of Righteousness
Its brightest beams hath poured;
With grateful hearts and holy zeal,
Lord, be thy love adored;
And let us look with joyful hope
To that more glorious day,
Before whose brightness, sin and death,
And grief, shall flee away.

209. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ's Message.

1 HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasure of his grace
Enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With the beloved name.

210. C. M. WATTS.

The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom. Ps. 98.

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
As far as sin is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

211. S. M. NEEDHAM.

Christ the Light of the World

1 BEHOLD the Prince of Peace!
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved Son, fulfils
The sure prophetic word.

2 No royal pomp adorns
This King of Righteousness:
Meekness and patience, truth and love
Compose his princely dress.

3 The Spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.

4 Jesus, the light of men!
His doctrine life imparts;
O may we feel its quickening power
To warm and glad our hearts!

5 Cheered by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heavenly way:
The path which Christ has marked and trod,
Will lead to endless day.

212. L. M. Bp. Heber.

The Last Advent of Christ.

1 The Lord will come! the earth shall quake.
The hills their fixed seat forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A silent lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind!

4 Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway;
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
Oh God! is this the crucified?

5 Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!
Go seek the mountain's cleft in vain!
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come!

213. 8 & 7s. M. CAWOOD.

Song of the Angels at Bethlehem.

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found:
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven:—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest and King."

5 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory
Till it cover all the earth

214. C. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

A Light to lighten the Gentiles.

1 THE race that long in darkness pined,
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

3 To us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.

4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Whose rule shall stretch abroad,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

5 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

215. C. M. PATRICK.

Nativity of Christ.

1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address their joyful song:

5 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace!
Good will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease!"

216. 7s. M. Spirit of the Psalms.

Birth of Christ.

1 Hail, all hail the joyful morn!
Tell it forth from earth to heaven,
That to us a child is born,
That to us a Son is given.

2 Angels bending from the sky
Chanted at the wondrous birth;
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace—good will to man on earth."

3 Join we then our feeble lays,
To the chorus of the sky;
And, in songs of grateful praise,
Glory give to God on high.

217. C. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

The guiding Star.

1 BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.

3 O haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey;
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.

4 O gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with him in heaven.

218. 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

Star of Bethlehem.

1 SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star!
Star of truth that gilds the night,
And guides bewildered men aright.

2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scattering error's wide-spread night;
Kindling darkness into light.

3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your Lord appear;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there!

4 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day!

219. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Gospel Peace proclaimed.

1 HARK! for the great Creator speaks;
In silence let the earth attend;
And when his words of grace are heard,
In grateful adoration bend.

2 "'T is I create the fruit of praise,
And give the broken heart to sing;
Peace, heavenly peace, my lips proclaim,
Pleased with the happy news they bring."

3 Receive the tidings with delight,
Ye Gentile nations from afar;
And you, the children of his love,
Whom grace hath brought already near.

4 To these, to those, his sovereign hand
Its healing energy imparts;
Peace, peace, be echoed from your tongues,
And echoed from consenting hearts.

5 Enjoy the health which God hath wrought,
Nor let the daily tribute cease,
Till changed for more exalted songs
In regions of eternal peace.

220. S. M. WATTS.

Blessedness of Gospel Times.

1 How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour king,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight!

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

221. C. M. WATTS.

Christ's Mediatorial Kingdom. Ps. 89.

1 HEAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercy known:
"Sinners, behold, your help is laid
On my beloved Son.

2 "Behold the man my wisdom chose
Among your mortal race;
His head my holy oil o'erflows,
The Spirit of my grace.

3 "High shall he reign on David's throne,
My people's better King;
My arm shall beat his rivals down,
And still new subjects bring.

4 "My truth shall guard him in his way,
With mercy by his side,
While in my name, through earth and sea,
He shall in triumph ride.

5 "Me for his Father and his God
He shall forever own,
Call me his rock, his high abode,
And I'll support my Son."

222. L. M. WATTS.

Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles. Ps. 72.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run:
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.

223. L. M. 61. WATTS.

The God of the Gentiles. Ps. 96.

1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless Jehovah's name;
His glory let the heathens know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 The heathens know thy glory, Lord;
The wondering nations read thy word;
Among us is Jehovah known:
Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He framed the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there:
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His temples, how divinely fair!

4 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name;
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

224. C. M. Scotch Paraphrases.

The Latter Day's Glory.

1 O'er mountain tops, the mount of God
In latter days shall rise
Above the summits of the hills,
And draw the wandering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the mount of God, they say,
And to his house we'll go.

3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers,
Shall the whole world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge,
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And crush the sinner's pride.

5 No war shall rage, nor hostile strife
Disturb those happy years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

6 No longer hosts, encountering hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They 'll hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

225. 10s. M. POPE, altered.

Gentiles coming into the Church.

1 RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes!
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns

226. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christ the Sun of Righteousness.

1 To thee, O God! we homage pay,
Source of the light that rules the day!
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,
Reflects thy rays and speaks thy name.

2 In louder strains we sing that grace
Which gives the Sun of Righteousness,
Whose nobler light salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.

3 Still on our hearts may Jesus shine,
With beams of light and love divine;
Quickened by him our souls shall live,
And cheered by him shall grow and thrive

4 O may his glories stand confessed,
From north to south, from east to west;
Successful may his gospel run,
Wide as the circuit of the sun.

5 When shall that radiant scene arise,
When, fixed on high, in purer skies,
Christ all his lustre shall display
On all his saints through endless day!

227. L. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

Behold the Man!

1 BEHOLD the man! how glorious he!
Before his foes he stands unawed,
And, without wrong or blasphemy,
He claims to be the Son of God.

2 Behold the man! by all condemned,
Assaulted by a host of foes;
His person and his claims contemned,
A man of sufferings and of woes.

3 Behold the man! so weak he seems,
His awful word inspires no fear;
But soon must he who now blasphemes,
Before his judgment seat appear.

4 Behold the man! though scorned below,
He bears the greatest name above;
The angels at his footstool bow,
And all his royal claims approve.

228. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Attractive Influence of a Crucified Saviour.

1 BEHOLD the amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high!
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony!

2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did he feel that piercing smart,
And meet that various scorn?

3 For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died;
'T was love that bowed his fainting head,
And oped his gushing side.

4 I see, and I adore,
In sympathy of love;
I feel the strong attractive power
To lift my soul above.

5 In thee our hearts unite,
Nor share thy griefs alone,
But from thy cross pursue their flight,
To thy triumphant throne.

229. C. M. Christian Psalmist.

Redemption by the Cross of Christ.

1 Behold the Saviour on the cross,
A spectacle of woe!
See from his agonizing wounds
The blood incessant flow;

2 Till death's pale ensigns o'er his cheek
And trembling lips were spread;
Till light forsook his closing eyes,
And life his drooping head.

3 "'T is finished" was his latest voice;
These sacred accents o'er,
He bowed his head, gave up the ghost,
And suffered pain no more.

4 'T is finished—the Messiah dies
For sins, but not his own;
The great redemption is complete,
And death is overthrown.

5 'T is finished—all his groans are past;
His blood, his pain, and toils,
Have fully vanquished our foes,
And crowned him with their spoils.

6 'T is finished—ritual worship ends,
And Gospel ages run;
All old things now are passed away
A new world is begun.

230. L. M. Doddridge.

Christ's Submission to his Father's Will.

1 "Father divine," the Saviour cried,
While horrors pressed on every side,
And prostrate on the ground he lay,
"Remove this bitter cup away.

2 "But if these pangs must still be borne,
Or helpless man be left forlorn,
I bow my soul before thy throne,
And say—thy will, not mine, be done."

3 Thus our submissive souls would bow,
And, taught by Jesus, lie as low;
Our hearts, and not our lips alone,
Would say,—Thy will, not ours, be done.

4 Then, though like him in dust we lie,
We 'll view the blissful moment nigh,
Which, from our portion in his pains,
Calls to the joy in which he reigns.

231. L. M. Montgomery.

Christ's Passion.

1 The morning dawns upon the place
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer:
Through yielding glooms behold his face,
Nor form nor comeliness is there.

2 Last eve, by those he called his own,
Betrayed, forsaken or denied,
He met his enemies alone,
In all their malice, rage, and pride.

3 No guile within his mouth is found,
He neither threatens nor complains;
Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,
Dumb midst his murderers he remains.

4 But hark! He prays,—'t is for his foes;
He speaks,—'t is comfort to his friends;
Answers,—and Paradise bestows;
He bows his head; the conflict ends.

5 Truly this was the Son of God!—
Though in a servant's mean disguise,
And bruised beneath the Father's rod;
Not for himself,—for man he dies.

232. C. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

Resurrection of Christ. Morning.

1 Again the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun, which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn;
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

233. 7s. M. COLLYER.

Resurrection of Christ.

1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb!
Jesus dissipates its gloom!
Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Christians, dry your flowing tears;
Chase those unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

3 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious fears away;
See the place where Jesus lay.

4 So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

234. S. M. KELLY.

Resurrection of Christ.

1 "THE Lord is risen indeed;"
And are the tidings true?
Yes, we beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw him living too.

2 The Lord is risen indeed;
Then death has lost his prey;
With him is risen the ransomed seed
To reign in endless day.

3 The Lord is risen indeed;
Attending angels hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

235. L. M. Wesley's Col.

Rising with Christ.

1 Ye faithful souls, who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven;
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.

3 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place,
And emulate the angel-choir,
And only live to love and praise.

4 Your real life, with Christ concealed,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
And glorious as your Head revealed,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

236. C. M. WATTS.

Hope of Heaven by Christ's Resurrection.

1 BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What though the frame of man require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

4 There 's an inheritance divine
Reserved against that day,
'T is uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot waste away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

237. L. M. WATTS.

Christ's Dying, Rising, and Reigning.

1 HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo, what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

3 The rising Lord forsakes the tomb;
The tomb in vain forbids his rise;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.

5 Say, "Live forever, wondrous king!
Born to redeem and strong to save;"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
And "Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

238. C. M. Doddridge.

Looking in the Sepulchre.

1 Ye humble souls, that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought,
Such wonders love can do;
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbbed and bled for you.

3 Then raise your eyes and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again!
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The conqueror could detain.

4 High o'er the angelic bands, he rears
His once dishonored head;
And through unnumbered years he reigns
Who dwelt among the dead.

5 With joy like his, shall every saint
His empty tomb survey;
Then rise with his ascending Lord,
Through all his shining way.

239. L. M. WATTS.

God's Miracles in Christ.

1 BEHOLD the blind their sight receive!
Behold the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders! and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name!

2 Thus doth the eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of his Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies! the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises! and appears with God:
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!

4 Hence and forever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine

240. C. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

Christ's Precepts of Love.

1 Behold where, breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands;
His weeping followers gathering round,
Receive his last commands.

2 From that mild teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell!
The gentle precept which he gave,
Became its author well.

3 "Blessed is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain:

4 "Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound,
He wants the power to heal.

5 "Peace from the bosom of his Lord,
My peace to him I give;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

6 "To him protection shall be shown;
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love."

241. C. M. ENFIELD.

Example of Christ.

1 BEHOLD where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He labored for their good.

4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned he bowed and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

5 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide!
His image may we bear!
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

242. 7s. M. 6l. MONTGOMERY.

Christ our Example in Suffering.

1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel temptation's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned.
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustained.
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished," hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
—Who has taken him away?
Christ is risen; he meets our eyes.
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

243. C. M. BEDDOME.

Example of Christ.

1 In duties and in sufferings too,
My Lord I fain would trace;
As he hath done, so would I do,
Sustained by heavenly grace.

2 Inflamed with zeal, 't was his delight
To do his Father's will;
May the same zeal my soul excite
His precepts to fulfil.

3 Meekness, humility, and love
Through all his conduct shine;
O may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine.

244. L. M. WATTS.

Example of Christ.

1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word:
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; may I bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

245. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Example of Christ.

1 And is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life!

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright!

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love:
If then we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

246. **S. M.** CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

The Captain of our Salvation.

1 OUR Captain leads us on,
He beckons from the skies,
He reaches out a starry crown
And bids us take the prize.

2 "Be faithful unto death,
Partake my victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me."

3 'T is thus the righteous Lord
To every soldier saith;
Eternal life is the reward
Of all victorious faith.

4 Who conquer in his might,
The victor's meed receive;
They claim a kingdom in his right,
Which God shall freely give.

247. 7s. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

Invitations of Jesus.

1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

2 Thou, who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

3 Ye, who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise:

4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care:
A wounded spirit who can bear?

5 Sinner, come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

218. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

The good Shepherd and his Flock.

1 GREEN pastures and clear streams,
Freedom and quiet rest,
Christ's flock enjoy, beneath his beams,
Or in his shadow, blest.

2 Secure amidst alarms,
From violence or snares,
The lambs he gathers in his arms,
And in his bosom bears.

3 The wounded and the weak,
He comforts, heals and binds;
The lost he came from heaven to seek,
And saves them when he finds.

4 Conflicts and trials done,
His glory they behold,
Where Jesus and his flock are one,
One shepherd and one fold.

219. L. M. BOWRING.

Jesus teaching the People.

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place.

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"
Yes, sacred teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

250. L. M. GREGG.

Not ashamed of Jesus.

1 JESUS, and can it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Scorned be the thought by rich and poor;
My soul shall scorn it more and more.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no sins to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
And no immortal soul to save.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

4 Till then—nor is the boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my portion be,
That Saviour's not ashamed of me!

251. L. M. Wesley's Col.

Glorying in Christ.

1 Let not the wise their wisdom boast;
The mighty glory in his might;
The rich in flattering riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight.

2 The rush of numerous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man;
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When dust he turns to dust again?

3 The Lord, my righteousness, I praise,
I triumph in the love divine,
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace
In Christ through endless ages mine.

252. C. M. Cotterill.

The Coming of the Holy Ghost.

1 Let songs of praises fill the sky!
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down the Spirit from on high,
According to his word.

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sins.

3 The things of God the Spirit takes
And shows them unto men;
The contrite soul his temple makes,
God's image stamps again.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire.

253. P. M. Spirit of the Psalms

The Holy Ghost the Comforter.

1 Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see;
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place
And worthier thee.

254. C. M. Bp. Heber.

For the day of Pentecost, or Whitsunday.

1 Spirit of truth! on this thy day
To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality!

2 We ask not, Lord, thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone;
But long thy praises to proclaim
With fervor in our own.

3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more;
Enough for us to trace thy will
In scripture's sacred lore.

4 We neither have nor seek the power
Ill demons to control;
But thou in dark temptation's hour
Shalt chase them from the soul.

5 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless thee in our prayer.

6 When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay
With faith, and hope, and love!

255. S. M. Episcopal Col.

Gospel Invitations.

1 The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "come!"

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, come!
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'T is Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so! I wait thine hour,
Jesus, my Saviour, come!

256. S. M. Watts.

Sinai and Zion.

1 The law by Moses came:
But peace and truth and love
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God
Their different works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The sovereign and the head.

257. C. M. WATTS.

Moses and Christ

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels, clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight!

4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven;
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their sins to be forgiven.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest:
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be forever blest.

258. C. M. WATTS.

A blessed Gospel. Ps. 89.

1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor dares the world condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives:
Israel, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

259. L. M. WATTS.

The Church's Safety and Triumph. Ps. 46.

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

260. 8 & 7s. M. J. Newton.

The City of God.

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.

2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

3 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.

4 Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver
Never fails from age to age.

261. 8 & 7s. M. Cowper.

Future Peace and Glory of the Church.

1 Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken:
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you:
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow:
Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

262. H. M. Doddridge.

Efficacy and Success of the Gospel.

1 Mark the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain!
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
But waters earth
Through every pore,
And calls forth all
Her secret store.

2 Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine:
The harvest bows
Its golden ears,
The copious seed
Of future years.

3 "So," saith the God of grace,
"My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend;
Millions of souls
Shall feel its power,
And bear it down
To millions more."

263. 7s. M. 6l. Spirit of the Psalms.

Future Glory of the Church. Ps. 67.

1 On thy church, O Power Divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine;
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star;
Till her sons from zone to zone
Make thy great salvation known.

2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

264. L. M. Spirit of the Psalms.

God the Defence of his Church. Ps. 76.

1 The God of Israel is our Lord,
Great is his name, his power divine;
In Christian temples now adored,
As once in Judah's holy shrine.

2 The Lord, who brake the Assyrian bow,
And horse and rider overthrew,
Still watches o'er his church below,
And still will all her foes subdue.

3 That voice which bids the waves be still,
Can calm the wilder rage of man;
Or make the blind and wayward will
Subservient to his gracious plan.

265. L. M. Watts.

God the Glory and Defence of Zion.

1 Happy the church; thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace,
Thy holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fixed on his counsels and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against his throne in vain they rage;
Like rising waves with angry roar
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 God is our shield, and God our sun:
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

266. C. M. Doddridge.

The Way to the Heavenly City.

1 Sing, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great deliverer sing;
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 See the fair way his hand hath raised,
How holy and how plain!
Nor shall the simplest travellers err,
Nor ask the track in vain.

3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.

4 A hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your Father, God.

5 There, garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.

6 March on in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While laboring up the hill.

267. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Singing the Song of the Redeemed.

1 SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock appear
One Shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, suffering still await
On earth the pilgrim's throng,
Yet learn we in our low estate
The church triumphant's song

4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Cry the redeemed above,
Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love.

5 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save;
Henceforth, O Death! where is thy sting!
Thy victory, O Grave!

6 Then hallelujah! power and praise
To God in Christ be given;
May all who now this anthem raise
Renew the song in heaven.

268. C. M. C. Wesley.

The Communion of Saints.

1 The saints on earth and those above
But one communion make;
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

2 One family, we dwell in him:
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 O God, be thou our constant guide!
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

269. L. M. Butcher.

Final Acceptance of all the Righteous.

1 From north and south, from east and west,
Advance the myriads of the blest:
From every clime of earth they come,
And find in heaven a common home.

2 In one immortal throng we view
Pagan and Christian, Greek and Jew;
But, all their doubts and darkness o'er,
One only God they now adore.

3 Howe'er divided here below,
One bliss, one spirit now they know;
Though some ne'er heard of Jesus' name,
Yet God admits their honest claim.

4 On earth, according to their light,
They aimed to practise what was right;
Hence all their errors are forgiven,
And Jesus welcomes them to heaven

270. C. M. GISBORNE.

The Christian's Life.

1 A SOLDIER'S course, from battles won
To new commencing strife:
A pilgrim's, restless as the sun;—
Behold the Christian's life!

2 The hosts of darkness pant for spoil—
How can our warfare close?
Lonely we tread a foreign soil—
How can we hope repose?

3 O! let us seek our heavenly home,
Revealed in sacred lore;
The land whence pilgrims never roam,
Where soldiers war no more;

4 Where grief shall never wound, nor death,
Beneath the Saviour's reign;
Nor sin, with pestilential breath,
His holy realm profane;

5 The land where, suns and moons unknown
And night's alternate sway,
Jehovah's ever-burning throne
Upholds unbroken day;

6 Where they who meet shall never part;
Where grace achieves its plan;
And God, uniting every heart,
Dwells face to face with man.

271. C. M. Doddridge.

The Christian Race.

1 Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye;

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

272. L. M. Watts.

The Christian Race.

1 Awake, our souls, away, our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

273. L. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

The Christian Warfare.

1 Awake, my soul! lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

2 Here giant danger threatening stands,
Mustering his pale, terrific bands;
There pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.

3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

4 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all; guard every part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

5 Come then, my soul! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armor from above,
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

6 The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell;
The man of Calvary triumphed here;—
Why should his faithful followers fear?

274. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Christian Soldier.

1 THE Christian warrior, see him stand
In the whole armor of his God;
The Spirit's sword is in his hand;
His feet are with the gospel shod:

2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head,
With righteousness, a breastplate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread.

3 With this omnipotence he moves,
From this the alien armies flee;
Till more than conqueror he proves,
Through Christ, who gives him victory.

4 Thus strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death and hell he tramples down;
Fights the good fight; and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

275. L. M. Spirit of the Psalms.

True Riches. Ps. 4.

1 Amidst unsatisfied desires,
Or trouble's overwhelming flood,
Eager the doubting heart inquires,
O who will show us any good?

2 But happy they who serve the Lord,
And in his holy name believe;
They know, from his all-gracious word,
That he will every want relieve.

3 When humbly offering at his shrine
The grateful homage of the heart,
The Lord will hear, and grace divine
In rich and copious streams impart.

4 Worldlings, who wealth and honors love,
Full many a weary vigil keep;
But he whose treasure is above,
Shall rest secure, and sweetly sleep.

276. C. M. Spirit of the Psalms

Heavenly Treasures. Ps. 37.

1 With mines of wealth are sinners poor,
Unblessing and unblessed;
But rich the man, whate'er his store,
Of inward peace possessed.

2 At tender pity's urgent call
His mite is gladly given;
Though poor the gift, the offering small,
Its record stands in heaven.

3 Ne'er shall he be in life bereft
Of God's protecting care;
Nor yet his duteous offspring left
Unsolaced ills to bear.

4 And mark the Christian's dying hour;
No fears, no doubts annoy:
His trust is in his Father's power,
His end is peace and joy.

277. C. P. M. WESLEY'S COL.

True Wisdom.

1 BE it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude:
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart!
A wise and understanding heart,
Father, to me be given!
And let me through thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

278. C. M. SMART.

Prayer for Prudence and Wisdom.

1 FATHER of light, conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road;
Let each advancing step still bring
Me nearer to my God.

2 Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide,
And when I go astray,
Recall my feet from folly's path,
To wisdom's better way.

3 Teach me in every various scene
To keep my end in sight;
And while I tread life's mazy track,
Let wisdom guide me right.

4 That heavenly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
And penetrate my heart;

5 Till it shall lead me to thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love!
And all my darkness be dispersed
In endless light above.

279. L. M. Wesley's Col.

Christian Wisdom.

1 Happy the man, who finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross, compared to her.

3 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise;
Riches of Christ, on all bestowed,
And honor that descends from God.

4 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, innocent delights:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

5 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy, who his guest retains;
He owns, and shall forever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and Heaven are one.

280. C. M. Scotch Paraphrases.

The Ways of Wisdom.

1 O happy is the man who hears
Instruction's faithful voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice!

2 Wisdom has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than is the gain of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left, the prize of fame
And honor bright appears.

4 She guides the young, with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

281. L. M. HENRY MOORE.

Wisdom and Virtue sought from God.

1 SUPREME and universal light!
Fountain of reason! judge of right!
Parent of good! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below:

2 Assist us, Lord! to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree,
Worthy that intellectual flame,
Which from thy breathing spirit came.

3 Our moral freedom to maintain,
Bid passion serve, and reason reign,
Self-poised and independent still
On this world's varying good or ill.

4 No slave to profit, shame, or fear,
O may our steadfast bosoms bear
The stamp of heaven, an upright heart,
Above the mean disguise of art!

5 May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim;
But with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.

6 O Father! grace and virtue grant;
No more we wish, no more we want:
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below,—is bliss above.

282. S. M. C. Wesley.

Watching, Prayer, and Perseverance.

1 A charge to keep I have,—
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And, O! thy servant, Lord, prepare
The strict account to give.
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forsaken die.

283. C. M. C. Wesley.

Watchfulness.

1 I want a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to find it near.

2 I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

3 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.

4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

284. S. M. Wesley's Col.

For Christian Principles.

1 My God, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;

A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A zealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.

5 I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me:
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee:
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

285. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christian Watchfulness.

1 AWAKE, my drowsy soul, awake,
And view the threatening scene:
Legions of foes encamp around,
And treachery lurks within.

2 'T is not this mortal life alone
These enemies assail;
How canst thou hope for future bliss,
If their attempts prevail?

3 Then to the work of God awake—
Behold thy Master near—
The various, arduous task pursue
With vigor, and with fear.

4 The awful register goes on,
The account will surely come;
And opening day, or closing night
May bear me to my doom.

5 Tremendous thought! how deep it strikes;
Yet like a dream it flies,
Till God's own voice the slumbers chase
From these deluded eyes.

286. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christian Activity and Watchfulness.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame:
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch! 't is your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he 's near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

287. C. P. M. HENRY MOORE.

The Charms of Virtue imperishable.

1 ALL earthly charms, however dear,
Howe'er they please the eye or ear,
Will quickly fade and fly;
Of earthly glory faint the blaze,
And soon the transitory rays
In endless darkness die.

2 The nobler beauties of the just
Shall never moulder in the dust,
Or know a sad decay;
Their honors time and death defy,
And round the throne of heaven on high
Beam everlasting day.

288. C. M. J. NEWTON.

Trust of the Wicked and Righteous compared.

1 As parched in the barren sands,
Beneath a burning sky,
The worthless bramble withering stands,
And only grows to die:

2 Such is the sinner's awful case,
Who makes the world his trust,
And dares his confidence to place
In vanity and dust.

3 A secret curse destroys his root,
And dries his moisture up;
He lives awhile, but bears no fruit,
Then dies without a hope.

4 But happy he whose hopes depend
Upon the Lord alone;
The soul that trusts in such a friend
Can ne'er be overthrown.

5 So thrives and blooms the tree, whose roots
By constant streams are fed:
Arrayed in green, and rich in fruits,
It rears its branching head.

6 It thrives, though rain should be denied,
And drought around prevail;
'T is planted by a river side,
Whose waters cannot fail.

289. L. M. Sir Henry Wotton.

An independent and happy Life.

1 How happy is he born or taught,
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill:

2 Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Not tied unto the world with care
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath:

3 Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than goods to lend,
And walks with man, from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend.

4 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

290. C. M. Tate & Brady.

Happiness of a Holy Life. Ps. 119.

1 How blest are they who always keep
The pure and perfect way!
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray.

2 Thrice blest! who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been;
And have with fervent, humble zeal
His favor sought to win.

3 Thou strictly hast enjoined us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will,
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.

4 O then that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside,
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide!

5 Then with assurance should I walk,
From all confusion free,
Convinced with joy that all my ways
With thy commands agree.

291. L. M. Watts.

Pleasures of a good Conscience.

1 Lord, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away!
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow!
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

292. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

The Good happy, the Wicked miserable. Ps. 1.

1 How blest is he, who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk:

2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams.
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

4 Ungodly men, and their attempts,
No lasting root shall find;
Untimely blasted, and dispersed,
Like chaff before the wind.

5 For God approves the just man's ways;
To happiness they tend;
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

293. C. M. Tate & Brady.

Character of a Good Man. Ps. 15.

1 Lord, who 's the happy man, that may
To thy blest courts repair;
Not strangerlike, to visit them,
But to inhabit there?

2 'T is he, whose every thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves;
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves:

3 Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbor's fame to wound,
Nor hearken to a false report,
By malice whispered round:

4 Who vice, in all its pomp and power,
Can treat with just neglect;
And piety, though clothed in rags,
Religiously respect:

5 Who to his plighted vows and trust
Has ever firmly stood;
And though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.

6 The man who by this steady course
Has happiness ensured,
When earth's foundations shake, shall stand,
By Providence secured.

294. 7s. M. Merrick.

The Good Man blessed of God. Ps. 15.

1 Who shall tow'rd thy chosen seat
Turn in glad approach his feet?
Who, great God, a welcome guest,
On thy hallowed mountain rest?

2 He whose heart thy love has warmed;
He whose will, to thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run;
He whose word and thought are one.

3 He who ne'er with cruel aim
Seeks to wound an honest fame,
Nor with gloomy joy possessed
Can a brother's peace molest.

4 Who, from servile terror free,
Spurns at those who spurn at thee,
And to each who thee obeys
Love and lowliest reverence pays.

5 What he swears, with steadfast will
To his loss he shall fulfil;
Nor can bribes his sentence guide
'Gainst the guiltless to decide.

6 He who thus, with heart unstained.
Treads the path by thee ordained,
He, great God, shall own thy care,
And thy constant blessing share.

295. C. M. WATTS.

Qualifications of a Christian. Ps. 15.

1 WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?

2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands,
That trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands.

3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbor wrong.

4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And though to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.

5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor:
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.

296. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Security and Happiness of the Righteous. Ps. 24.

1 THE earth is thine, Jehovah; thine
Its peopled realms and wealthy stores;
Built on the floods by power divine,
The waves are ramparts to the shores.

2 But who shall reach thy holy place,
Or who, O Lord, ascend thy hill?
The pure in heart shall see thy face,
The perfect man that doth thy will.

3 He who to bribes hath closed his hand,
To idols never bent the knee,
Nor sworn in falsehood,—he shall stand
Redeemed, and owned, and kept by thee.

297. C. M. Tate & Brady.

The Man whom God approves. Ps. 24.

1 This spacious earth is all the Lord's;
The Lord's her fulness is;
The world, and all that dwell therein,
By sovereign right are his.

2 But for himself, this Lord of all
One chosen seat designed:
O who shall to that sacred hill
Deserved admittance find?

3 The man whose hands and heart are pure,
Whose thoughts from pride are free;
Who honest poverty prefers
To gainful perjury.

4 This, this is he, on whom the Lord
Shall shower his blessings down;
Whom God his Saviour shall vouchsafe
With righteousness to crown.

298. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Walking with God.

1 THRICE happy souls, who, born from heaven
While yet they sojourn here,
Do all their days with God begin,
And spend them in his fear.

2 'Midst hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to thy throne;
And while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

3 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought;
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.

4 When to laborious duties called,
Or by temptations tried,
We 'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.

5 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee amidst the social band,
In solitude with thee.

6 In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all our days be past;
Nor shall we then impatient wish
Nor shall we fear the last.

299. L. M. 6l. MONTGOMERY.

The Christian Israel.

1 THUS far on life's perplexing path,
Thus far thou, Lord, our steps hast led,
Snatched from the world's pursuing wrath,
Unharmed though floods o'erhung our head:
Like ransomed Israel on the shore,
Here then we pause, look back, adore.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
Like all our fathers, in their day,
We to the land of promise go,
Lord, by thine own appointed way:
Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,
In cloud by day, in fire by night.

3 Protect us through the wilderness,
From every peril, plague, and foe;
With bread from heaven thy people bless,
And living streams where'er we go;
Nor let our rebel hearts repine,
Or follow any voice but thine.

4 Thy holy law to us proclaim,
But not from Sinai's top alone;
Hid in the rock-cleft be thy name,
Thy power and all thy goodness, shown;
And may we never bow the knee,
Or worship any God but thee.

5 When we have numbered all our years,
And stand at length on Jordan's brink,
Though the flesh fail with mortal fears,
O let not then the spirit sink;
But strong in faith, and hope, and love,
Plunge through the stream, to rise above!

300. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

Resolution and Example.

1 Ah wretched souls, who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.

2 May I resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

3 O be his service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

4 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways;
Great God! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

301. C. M. Exeter Col.

Fortitude founded on Godly Fear.

1 Blest is the man who fears the Lord;
His well established mind,
In every varying scene of life,
Shall true composure find.

2 Oft through the deep and stormy sea
The heavenly footsteps lie;
But on a glorious world beyond
His faith can fix its eye.

3 Though dark his present prospects be,
And sorrows round him dwell,
Yet hope can whisper to the soul,
That all shall issue well.

4 Full in the presence of his God,
Through every scene he goes,
And, fearing him, no other fear
His steadfast bosom knows.

302. S. M. MORAVIAN

The Christian encouraged.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 He everywhere hath rule,
And all things serve his might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.

4 Thou comprehend'st him not;
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as sovereign on the throne;
He ruleth all things well.

5 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee:
O, lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

6 Let us, in life or death,
Boldly thy truth declare;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

303. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Christian Ambition.

1 Now let a true ambition rise,
And ardor fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heavenly glories drest.

2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While suns and stars decay.

3 Ye hearts, with youthful vigor warm,
The glorious prize pursue;
Nor shall ye want the goods of earth,
While heaven is kept in view.

304. L. M. KELLY.

Warning against Slothfulness.

1 O ISRAEL, to thy tents repair!
Why thus secure on hostile ground?
Thy Lord commands thee to beware,
For many foes thy camp surround.

2 O sleep not thou, as others do;
Awake, be vigilant, be brave;
The coward and the sluggard too
Must wear the fetters of the slave.

3 A nobler lot is cast for thee;
A crown awaits thee in the skies:
With such a hope shall Israel flee,
And yield, through weariness, the prize?

4 No; let a careless world repose,
And slumber on through life's short day,
While Israel to the conflict goes,
And bears the glorious prize away.

305. C. M. J. Newton.

Christian Perseverance

1 Rejoice, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that 's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die;
For God, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

4 Though sometimes unperceived by sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A Guide, a Glory, a Defence;
Then what have you to fear?

5 As surely as Christ overcame,
And triumphed once for you;
So surely you that love his name,
Shall triumph in him too.

306. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Faith Encouraged.

1 SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various and his saving names;
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known!

2 Let great Jehovah be adored,
The eternal, all-sufficient Lord;
He, through the world, Most High confessed,
By whom 't was formed, and is possessed.

3 Awake, our noblest powers, to bless
The God of Abraham, God of peace;
Now by a dearer title known,
Father and God of Christ his Son.

4 Through every age, his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' prayer;
Nor can one humble soul complain
That it hath sought its God in vain.

5 What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name,
The same his power, his love the same?

6 To thee our souls in faith arise;
To thee we lift expecting eyes;
And boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard where God shall lead

307. C. M. BEDDOME

"Fear Not."

1 YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows,
In one perpetual stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell;
God will those powers restrain;
His arm shall all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good:
For his he will provide;
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.

4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He 's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

308. C. M. BEDDOME.

Sincerity and Self-Examination.

1 AM I an Israelite indeed,
Without a false disguise?
Have I renounced my sins, and left
My refuges of lies?

2 Say, does my heart unchanged remain
Or is it formed anew?
What is the rule by which I walk,
The object I pursue?

3 Cause me, O God of truth and grace,
My real state to know;
If I am wrong, O set me right!
If right, preserve me so!

309. C. M. WATTS.

Sincerity and Hypocrisy.

1 GOD is a Spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

310. L. M. HENRY MOORE.

For Steadiness of Principle.

1 AMIDST a world of hopes and fears,
A wild of cares, and toils, and tears,
Where foes alarm and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat:

2 Shed down, O Lord! a heavenly ray
To guide me in the doubtful way;
And o'er me hold thy shield of power,
To guard me in the dangerous hour.

3 Teach me the flattering paths to shun,
In which the thoughtless many run,
Who for a shade the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.

4 May never pleasure, wealth or pride,
Allure my wandering soul aside;
But through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to thy heavenly hill.

311. L. M. SCOTT.

Charitable Judgment.

1 ALL-SEEING God! 't is thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

2 Who among men, great Lord of all,
Thy servant to his bar shall call?
Judge him, for modes of faith, thy foe,
And doom him to the realms of woe?

3 Who with another's eye can read?
Or worship by another's creed?
Trusting thy grace, we form our own,
And bow to thy commands alone.

4 If wrong, correct; accept, if right;
While faithful, we improve our light,
Condemning none, but zealous still
To learn and follow all thy will.

312. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Moderation.

1 HAPPY the man, whose cautious steps
Still keep the golden mean;
Whose life, by wisdom's rules well formed,
Declares a conscience clean.

2 What blessings bounteous Heaven bestows,
He takes with thankful heart;
With temperance he both eats and drinks,
And gives the poor a part.

3 To sect or party his large soul
Disdains to be confined;
The good he loves of every name,
And prays for all mankind.

4 His business is to keep his heart;
Each passion to control;
Nobly ambitious well to rule
The empire of his soul.

5 Not on the world his heart is set,
His treasure is above;
Nothing beneath the sovereign good
Can claim his highest love.

313. S. M. WATTS.

The Blessing of Peace. Ps. 133.

1 BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure filled the room.

4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

314. H. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Blessing of Peace. Ps. 133.

1 How beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree
In friendship to unite,
And bonds of charity;
'T is like the precious ointment, shed
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.

2 'T is like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flowers;
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers;
When mingling odors breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.

3 For there the Lord commands
Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands,
Yea, life for evermore.
Thrice happy they, who meet above,
To spend eternity in love.

315. L. M. Watts.

Love to God and our Neighbor.

1 Thus saith the first, the great command,
"Let all thy inward powers unite
To love thy Maker and thy God
With utmost vigor and delight.

2 "Then shall thy neighbor next in place
Share thine affections and esteem;
And let thy kindness to thyself
Measure and rule thy love to him."

3 This is the sense that Moses spoke;
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfilled by love.

4 But, oh, how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

316. S. M. Beddome.

Christian Unity.

1 Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned

3 Let envy and ill will
Be banished far away;
Those should in holy friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasure always flow,
And every heart is love.

317. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace.

1 THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.

2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky
To form one world agree;
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.

3 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and his might,
While all his works with all his ways
Harmoniously unite.

4 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.

5 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age
Thy praises they prolong.

6 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole;
Derive its pulse from thee the heart,
Its life from thee the soul.

318. C. M. WATTS.

Hidden Life of the Christian.

1 O HAPPY soul, that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace and joy combine
To form a life, whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

3 He waits in secret on his God;
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time;
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne
To raise his honors here:
Content and pleased to live unknown,
Till Christ his life appear.

319. S. M. Doddridge.

Communion with God and Christ.

1 Our heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all my griefs;
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way.

3 Jesus, my living head,
I bless thy faithful care;
Mine advocate before the throne,
And my forerunner there.

4 Here fix, my roving heart,
Here wait, my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

320. C. M. J. Newton.

Confidence in God.

1 O happy they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell;
He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm supports them well.

2 To them, in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near;
And when they plead his love and power,
He stands engaged to hear.

3 He helped his saints in ancient days
Who trusted in his name;
And we can witness to his praise,
His love is still the same.

4 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
A word from him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

5 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine;
But give us still to find thee near,
And own us still for thine.

6 Let us enjoy and highly prize
The tokens of thy love,
Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise
To worship thee above.

321. L. M. J. Newton.

Contentment and Trust in God.

1 Be still, my heart! these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns and snares;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

4 He who has helped me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New trophies to his endless praise.

5 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home apace to God;
Then count thy present trial small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

322. L. M. WATTS.

Holiness and Grace.

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

323. S. M. Cowper.

Dependence on God.

1 To keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'T is water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.

2 The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream;
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from him.

3 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And even an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

4 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings,
Than all your works beside.

5 In God is all our store,
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

324. C. M. Tate & Brady.

Happiness of Trusting in God. Ps. 33.

1 'T is God, who those that trust in him
Beholds with gracious eyes;
He frees their soul from death, their want
In time of dearth supplies.

2 How happy then are they, to whom
The Lord for God is known!
Whom he, from all the world besides,
Has chosen for his own.

3 Our souls on God with patience wait;
Our help and shield is he:
Then, Lord, still let our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in thee.

4 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On thee alone depend.

325. C. M. WATTS.

Love to God.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge—alas! 't is all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'T is this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

4 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our gracious God.

326. C. M. Rippon's Col.

Holiness to the Lord.

1 Holy and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
Thrice holy Lord, the angels cry·
Thrice holy, let us sing.

2 Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight;
But sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from his sight.

3 The deepest reverence of the mind
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

4 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

5 Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

327. L. M. J. Roscoe.

Entire Trust in God.

1 How rich the blessings, O my God,
Which teach this grateful heart to glow;
How kindly poured, and free bestowed,
The rivers of thy mercy flow!

2 How calmly rolls the sea of life;
Secure in thine immortal trust,
The soul has hushed her secret strife,
Nor longer shudders at the dust.

3 Though sorrow's cloud awhile o'ercast
The dawn of earthly hope and joy,
She knows that it must soon be past,
And will unveil eternity.

4 Then virtue's humble toil and prayer
Shall stand acknowledged at thy throne,
Triumphant over earthly care;
And the blest record thou wilt own.

328. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Service of God.

1 My gracious God, I own thy right
To every service I can pay;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates, and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thy ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend?

3 Thy work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
Thy love hath animating power

329. L. M. Norton

Trust and Submission.

1 My God, I thank thee! may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom,
That darkens o'er his little day.

3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know:
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

4 Thy various messengers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

330. L. M. Watts.

Retirement and Meditation.

1 My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee:
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense:
One sovereign word can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

331. C. M. COWPER.

Religious Retirement.

1 FAR from the world, O Lord! I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where sin is waging still
Its most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God.

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And all harmonious names in one,
My Father—thou art mine!

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

332. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

He that hath the Son hath Life.

1 O HAPPY Christian, who can boast
"The Son of God is mine!"
Happy, though humbled in the dust,
Rich in this gift divine.

2 He lives the life of heaven below,
And shall forever live;
Eternal streams from Christ shall flow,
And endless vigor give.

3 That life we ask with bended knee,
Nor will the Lord deny;
Nor will celestial mercy see
Its humble suppliants die.

4 That life obtained, for praise alone
We wish continued breath;
And, taught by blest experience, own
That praise can live in death.

333. S. M. ANONYMOUS

The Blessing of Meekness.

1 "BLEST are the meek," he said,
Whose doctrine is divine;
The humble-minded earth possess,
And bright in heaven will shine.

2 While here on earth they stay,
Calm peace with them shall dwell;
And cheerful hope and heavenly joy
Beyond what tongue can tell.

3 The God of peace is theirs;
They own his gracious sway;
And yielding all their wills to him,
His sovereign laws obey.

4 No angry passions move,
No envy fires the breast;
The prospect of eternal peace
Bids every trouble rest.

5 O gracious Father, grant
That we this influence feel,
That all we hope, or wish, may be
Subjected to thy will.

334. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Ornament of a meek and quiet Spirit.

1 How glorious, Lord, art thou!
How bright thy splendors shine!
Whose rays, reflected, gild thy saints
With ornaments divine.

2 With lowliness and love,
Wisdom and courage meet;
The grateful heart, the cheerful eye,
How reverend and how sweet!

3 In beauties such as these,
Thy children now are drest;
But brighter habits shall they wear
In regions of the blest.

335. C. M. WATTS.

Humility and Submission. Ps. 131.

1 Is there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward:
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

336. L. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

Meekness and Lowliness of Heart. Ps. 131.

1 "OH learn of me," the Saviour cried,
"Oh learn of me, ye sons of pride;
For I am lowly, humble, meek,
No haughty looks high thoughts bespeak!

2 Yes, blest Immanuel! thou wast mild,
Patient, and gentle as a child;
And they who would thy kingdom see
Must meek and lowly be like thee.

337. L. M. Enfield.

Humility.

1 Wherefore should man, frail child of clay
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day—
O why should mortal man be proud?

2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.

3 By doubt perplexed, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way:
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast!
Of reason's lamp, how faint the ray!

4 Follies and sins, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span:
How ill, alas! does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man!

5 God of my life! Father divine!
Give me a meek and lowly mind:
In modest worth, O let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

338. L. M. Doddridge.

Christian Patience.

1 Wait on the Lord, ye heirs of hope,
And let his words support your souls;
Well can he bear your courage up,
And all your foes and fears control.

2 He waits his own well-chosen hour
The intended mercy to display:
And his paternal pities move,
While wisdom dictates the delay.

3 Blest are the humble souls, that wait
With sweet submission to his will;
Harmonious all their passions move,
And in the midst of storms are still;—

4 Still, till their Father's well-known voice
Wakens their silence into songs;
Then earth grows vocal with his praise,
And heaven the grateful shout prolongs.

339. C. M. WATTS.

Liberality rewarded. Ps. 112.

1 HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands;
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need,
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well established mind;
His soul to God, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of general distress,
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord:
Honor on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

340. L. M. Watts.

Blessings of the Pious and Charitable. Ps. 112.

1 Thrice happy man, who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word:
Honor and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.

2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclined;
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3 When times grow dark, and tidings spread
That fill his neighbors round with dread,
His heart is armed against the fear,
For God, with all his power, is there.

4 His soul, well fixed upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly courage from his word;
Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart and bless his eyes.

341. C. M. J. Newton.

True and false Zeal.

1 Zeal is that pure and heavenly flame
The fire of love supplies;
While that which often bears the name,
Is self, in a disguise.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
The false is headstrong, fierce and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.

4 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here;
But zeal the best applause will gain
When Jesus shall appear.

5 O God, the idol self dethrone,
And from our hearts remove;
And let no zeal by us be shown,
But that which springs from love.

342. L. M. Scott.

Forms of Devotion vain without Virtue.

1 The uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee:
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal?
Or fasts and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile?

3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Sincere, and to thy will resigned,
To thee a nobler offering yields,
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields.

4 Love God and man—this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand:
This did thine ancient prophets teach,
And this thy well-beloved preach.

343. L. M. Watts.

Walking by Faith.

1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she flies,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abraham, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God:
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

344. 7s. M. J. Taylor.

The accepted Offering.

1 Father of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfined:

Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.

2 Lord, what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;

3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind,
Charity, with liberal store:
Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to thee and all mankind.

345. L. M. DRUMMOND.

Faith without Works is dead.

1 As body when the soul has fled,
As barren trees, decayed and dead,
Is faith; a hopeless, lifeless thing,
If not of righteous deeds the spring.

2 One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
Than lifted eye or bended knee.

3 To doers only of the word,
Propitious is the righteous Lord;
He hears their cries, accepts their prayers,
And heals their wounds, and soothes their cares.

4 In true and genuine faith, we trace
The source of every christian grace;
Within the pious heart it plays,
A living fount of joy and praise.

5 Kind deeds of peace and love betray
Where'er the stream has found its way;
But where these spring not rich and fair,
The stream has never wandered there.

346. L. M. Watts.

All Things vain without Love.

1 Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the cravings of the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name;

4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

347. C. M. Christian Psalmist

Faith, Hope and Charity.

1 Faith, hope, and love now dwell on earth,
And earth by them is blest;
But faith and hope must yield to love,
Of all the graces best.

2 Hope shall to full fruition rise,
And faith be sight above;
These are the means, but this the end,
For saints forever love.

348. C. M. Roscoe.

The two great Commandments.

1 This is the first and great command—
To love thy God above;
And this the second—as thyself
Thy neighbor thou shalt love.

2 Who is my neighbor? He who wants
The help which thou canst give;
And both the law and prophets say,
This do, and thou shalt live.

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349. **7s. M.** J. Taylor.

Sins Confessed and Mourned.

1 God of mercy, God of love,
Hear our sad repentant song;
Sorrow dwells on every face,
Penitence on every tongue.

2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent;

3 Foolish fears, and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain:

4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

5 God of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad repentant songs;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all praise belongs.

350. L. M. BEDDOME.

Inconstancy lamented.

1 THE wandering star and fleeting wind
Are emblems of the fickle mind;
The morning cloud and early dew
Bring our inconstancy to view.

2 But cloud and wind, and dew and star,
Only a faint resemblance bear;
Nor can there aught in nature be
So changeable and frail as we.

3 Our outward walk and inward frame
Are scarcely through an hour the same;
We vow, and straight our vows forget,
And then those very vows repeat.

4 With contrite hearts, Lord, we confess
Our folly and unsteadfastness;
When shall these hearts more stable be,
Fixed by thy grace alone on thee!

351. C. M. COWPER

Human Frailty.

1 WEAK and irresolute is man:
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

2 Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart

3 Bound on a voyage of awful length,
Through dangers little known;
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

4 But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

352. 7s. M. MERRICK.

Seeking a clean Heart. Ps. 19.

1 BLEST Instructer, from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays?
Purge me from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within my heart's disguise.

2 Let my tongue, from error free,
Speak the words approved by thee;
To thy all-observing eyes,
Let my thoughts accepted rise.

3 While I thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blest Redeemer, bow thine ear,
God, my strength, propitious hear.

353. L. M. 6l. WESLEY'S COL.

Imploring Forgiveness and Renewal of Heart.

1 FORGIVE us, for thy mercy's sake,
Our multitude of sins forgive!
And for thy own possession take,
And bid us to thy glory live:
Live in thy sight, and gladly prove
Our faith, by our obedient love.

2 The covenant of forgiveness seal,
And all thy mighty wonders show!
Our hidden enemies expel,
And conquering them to conquer go,
Till all of pride and wrath be slain,
And not one evil thought remain!

3 O put it in our inward parts,
The living law of perfect love!
Write the new precept on our hearts;
We shall not then from thee remove,
Who in thy glorious image shine,
Thy people, and forever thine!

354. L. M. WATTS.

Seeking Forgiveness. Ps. 51.

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight:
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

5 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

355. L. M. WATTS.

A Penitent pleading for Pardon. Ps. 51.

1 SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

356. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Cleanse thou me from secret Faults.

1 SEARCHER of hearts, before thy face
I all my soul display;
And, conscious of its innate arts,
Intreat thy strict survey.

2 If, lurking in its inmost folds,
I any sin conceal,
O let a ray of light divine
The secret guile reveal.

3 If, tinctured with that odious gall,
Unknowing I remain,
Let grace, like a pure silver stream,
Wash out the hateful stain.

4 If, in these fatal fetters bound,
A wretched slave I lie,
Smite off my chains, and wake my soul
To light and liberty.

5 To humble penitence and prayer
Be gentle pity given;
Speak ample pardon to my heart,
And seal its claim to heaven.

357. C. M. H. H. Milman.

Praying for Divine Help.

1 Oh help us, Lord! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 Oh help us, when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore,
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Oh help us, Lord, the more.

3 Oh help us, through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 Oh help us, Father! from on high;
We know no help but thee;
Oh! help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

358. L. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

Amidst Temptation.

1 My gracious Lord! whose changeless love
To me, nor earth nor death can part;
When shall my feet forget to rove?
Ah, what shall fix this faithless heart?

2 Cold, weary, languid, heartless, dead,
To thy dread courts I oft repair;
By conscience dragged, or custom led,
I come; nor know that God is there!

3 O God, thy sovereign aid impart,
And guard the gifts thyself hast given;
My portion thou, my treasure art,
And life, and happiness, and heaven.

4 Would aught with thee my wishes share,
Though dear as life the idol be,
The idol from my breast I 'll tear,
Resolved to seek my all from thee.

359. S. M. BEDDOME.

Hope Reviving.

1 And shall I sit alone,
Oppressed with grief and fear;
To God my Father make my moan,
And he refuse to hear?

2 If he my Father be,
His pity he will show;
From cruel bondage set me free,
And inward peace bestow.

3 If still he silence keep,
'T is but my faith to try;
He knows and feels whene'er I weep,
And softens every sigh.

4 Then will I humbly wait,
Nor once indulge despair;
My sins are great, but not so great
As his compassions are.

360. L. M. MORAVIAN.

Hoping for Grace.

1 My soul before thee prostrate lies;
To thee, her source, my spirit flies;
My wants I mourn, my chains I see;
O let thy presence set me free!

2 In life's short day, let me yet more
Of thy enlivening power implore;
My mind must deeper sink in thee,
My foot stand firm, from wandering free.

3 One only care my soul should know,
Father, all thy commands to do:
Ah! deep engrave it on my breast
That I in thee alone am blest.

361. L. M. 61. Bp. Heber.

Seeking Refuge.

1 Forth from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Father, we seek thy shelter here:
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray:
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away!

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away!

362. C. M. Montgomery

Preparation of the Heart.

1 Lord, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear:
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

2 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go?

3 God of all grace, we come to thee,
With broken, contrite hearts;
Give what thine eye delights to see,—
Truth in the inward parts:—

4 Give deep humility;—the sense
Of godly sorrow give;—
A strong desiring confidence,
To hear thy voice and live;—

5 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay.

6 Give these,—and then thy will be done;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

363. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Communing with our Hearts.

1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home;
Retired and silent, seek them there;
True conquest is ourselves t' o'ercome,
True strength to break temptation's snare.

3 And thou, my God, whose piercing eye
Distinct surveys each deep recess,
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

4 Through all the mazes of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide;
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.

5 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove,
That God hath fixed his dwelling there.

364. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Soul returning to God.

1 RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,
From vain pursuits and maddening cares;
From lonely woes that wring thy breast,
The world's allurements, toils and snares.

2 Return unto thy rest, my soul,
From all the wanderings of thy thought;
From sickness unto death made whole;
Safe through a thousand perils brought.

3 Then to thy rest, my soul, return,
From passions every hour at strife;
Sin's works, and ways, and wages spurn,
Lay hold upon eternal life.

4 God is thy rest;—with heart inclined
To keep his word, that word believe;
Christ is thy rest;—with lowly mind,
His light and easy yoke receive.

365. S. M. TATE & BRADY

Pardoning Mercy of God. Ps. 130

1 MY soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never failing word.

2 My longing eyes look out
For thine enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.

3 In thee I trust, my God;
No bounds thy mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from which
Eternal succor flows:

4 Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
And wash our guilt away.

366. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Voice of Divine Pardon.

1 My Father, let me hear thy voice
Pronounce the words of peace,
And all my warmest powers shall join
To celebrate the grace.

2 With gentle smile call me thy child,
And speak my sins forgiven;
The accents mild shall charm mine ear
All like the harps of heaven.

3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,
The darkest path I'll tread;
Cheerful I'll quit these mortal shores,
And mingle with the dead.

4 When dreadful guilt is done away,
No other fears we know;
That hand which scatters pardons down,
Shall crowns of life bestow.

367. C. M. Doddridge.

Salvation only in God.

1 How long shall dreams of creature-bliss
Our flattering hopes employ,
And mock our fond, deluded eyes
With visionary joy?

2 Why from the mountains and the hills
Is our salvation sought?
While our eternal Rock 's forsook,
And Israel's God forgot.

3 The living spring neglected flows
Full in our daily view,
Yet we, with anxious, fruitless toil,
Our broken cisterns hew.

4 These fatal errors, gracious God,
With gentle pity see;
To thee our roving eyes direct,
And fix our hearts on thee.

368. S. M. Watts.

Forgiveness of Sin upon Confession. Ps. 32.

1 O blessed souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er!
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more!

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound;
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

369 L. M. TATE & BRADY.

Forgiveness of Sin upon Confession. Ps. 32.

1 HE 's blessed who has thy pardon gained,
Whose sins, O God, no more appear;
Whose guilt remission has obtained,
And whose repentance is sincere.

2 No sooner I my wound disclosed,
The guilt that tortured me within,
But thy forgiveness interposed,
And mercy's healing balm poured in.

3 True penitents shall thus succeed,
Who seek thee, while thou may'st be found·
And, from the common deluge freed,
Shall see remorseless sinners drowned.

370. C. M. MRS. CARTER

Mercy of God to the Penitent.

1 O THOU, the wretched's sure retreat,
Who dost our cares control,
And with the cheerful smile of peace
Revive the fainting soul!

2 Did ever thy propitious ear
The humble plea disdain?
Or when did plaintive misery sigh,
Or supplicate in vain?

3 Oppressed with grief and shame, dissolved
In penitential tears,
Thy goodness calms our anxious doubts,
And dissipates our fears.

4 From that blest source, propitious hope
Appears serenely bright,
And sheds her soft and cheering beam
O'er sorrow's dismal night.

5 Our hearts adore thy mercy, Lord,
And bless the friendly ray,
Which ushers in the smiling morn
Of everlasting day.

371. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Wanderers recovered. Ps. 119.

1 LORD, we have wandered from thy way,
Like foolish sheep have gone astray,
Our pleasant pastures we have left,
And of their guard our souls bereft.

2 Exposed to want, exposed to harm,
Far from our gentle Shepherd's arm;
Nor will these fatal wanderings cease,
Till thou reveal the paths of peace.

3 O seek thy thoughtless servants, Lord
Nor let us quite forget thy word;
Our erring feet do thou restore,
And keep us, that we stray no more.

372. C. M. C. Wesley.

Vain Repentances.

1 Times without number have I prayed,
This only once forgive;
Relapsing when thy hand was stayed,
And suffered me to live:

2 Yet now the kingdom of thy peace,
Lord, to my heart restore;
Forgive my vain repentances,
And bid me sin no more.

373. C. M. Watts.

Freedom from Sin and Misery in Heaven.

1 Our sins, alas! how strong they be!
And, like a violent sea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.

3 There, to fulfil his sweet commands,
Our speedy feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

4 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
The wonders of his grace;
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.

374. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now:
Thy name be hallowed far and near,
To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power
Our feeble hearts defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then, forever be
Glory and power divine;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

375. L. M. Birmingham Col.

The Lord's Prayer.

Father, adored in worlds above!
Thy glorious name be hallowed still;
Thy kingdom come in truth and love;
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.

2 Lord, make our daily wants thy care;
Forgive the sins which we forsake:
In thy compassion let us share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.

3 Evils beset us every hour;
Thy kind protection we implore;
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
The glory thine for evermore.

376. C. M. H. M. Williams.

Habitual Devotion.

1 While thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed—
That mercy I adore!

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;—
That heart shall rest on thee!

377. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

Seeking the Presence of God.

1 CONTINUE, Lord, to hear my voice,
Whene'er to thee I cry;
In mercy all my prayers receive,
Nor my request deny.

2 When us to seek thy glorious face
Thou kindly dost advise,—
Thy glorious face I 'll always seek,
My grateful heart replies.

3 I trusted that my future life
Should with thy love be crowned;
Or else my fainting soul had sunk,
With sorrow compassed round.

4 God's time with patient faith expect,
And he 'll inspire thy breast
With inward strength: do thou thy part,
And leave to him the rest.

378. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Ask, and ye shall receive.

1 WHAT shall we ask of God in prayer?
Whatever good we want;
Whatever man may seek to share,
Or God in wisdom grant.

2 Father of all our mercies,—thou,
In whom we move and live,
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
And answer, and forgive.

3 When, harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel,
O give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.

5 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, in hope, and love;
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above.

6 When earthly joys and cares depart,
Desire and envy cease,
Be thou the portion of our heart.
In thee may we have peace.

379. L. M. 6l. C. Wesley.

For the Influences of the Spirit.

1 I want the spirit of power within,
Of love and of a healthful mind;
Of power to conquer every sin,
Of love to God and all mankind;
Of health that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

2 O that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast;
And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God!

380. L. M. 6l. Wesley's Col.

For the Direction of God's Spirit.

1 Leader of Israel's host, and guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of thy protecting love;
Our strength thy grace, our rule thy word,
Our end the glory of the Lord.

2 By thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near

381. L. M. Sir Walter Scott.

Imploring the Constant Presence of God.

1 When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray!

4 And O, when gathers on our path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be thou, long suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

382. L. M. Browne.

For the Guidance of the Holy Spirit.

1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may not depart.

3 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

383. C. M. Watts.

For Fervency of Devotion.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers.
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

3 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love
And that shall kindle ours.

384. 10s. M. Dr. Johnson.

Imploring Divine Light.

1 O thou, whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides!
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine!

2 'T is thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest;
From thee, great God! we spring, to thee we tend,
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

385. L. M. 61. MORAVIAN.

Seeking after God.

1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows;
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pained; nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

3 'T is mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee:
Yet, while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend!

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

386. C. M. Watts.

God our Portion here and hereafter. Ps. 78.

1 God, my supporter and my hope,
My help forever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint!
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

4 Behold the sinners, that remove
Far from thy presence, die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

5 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

387. L. M. Tate & Brady.

God our Portion. Ps. 73.

1 Lord, whom in heaven, but thee alone,
Have I, whose favor I require?
Throughout the spacious earth there's none
That I, beside thee, can desire.

2 My trembling flesh and aching heart
May often fail to succor me;
But God shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal portion be.

3 For they that far from thee remove,
Shall into sudden ruin fall:
If after other gods they rove,
Thy vengeance shall destroy them all.

4 But as for me, 't is good and just
That I should still to God repair;
In him I always put my trust,
And will his wondrous works declare.

388. 8 & 7s. M. Wesley's Col.

Divine Love.

1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Father! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Graciously come down, and never
Never more thy temples leave.

389. S. M. Watts.

Seeking God. Ps. 63.

1 My God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3 For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps:
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

390. L. M. Watts.

Faith in Divine Grace and Power. Ps. 62

1 My spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne.
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

3 Once has his awful voice declared,
Once and again my ears have heard,
"All power is his eternal due;
He must be feared and trusted too."

4 For sovereign power reigns not alone;
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

391. L. M. 61. MORAVIAN.

Living to God.

1 O DRAW me, Father, after thee,
So shall I run and never tire;
With gracious words still comfort me;
Be thou my hope, my sole desire:
Free me from every weight; nor fear
Nor sin can come, if thou art here.

2 From all eternity, with love
Unchangeable thou hast me viewed;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued;
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side.

3 In suffering be thy love my peace,
In weakness be thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
My God! in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And bear me through death's whelming tide.

392. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Following after God. Ps. 63.

1 O GOD, thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

2 Yet through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God;
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways,
I lean upon thy staff and rod.

3 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

4 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me:
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee?

5 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless thee while I live.

393. L. M. TOPLADY.

To be made perfect in Divine Love.

1 O THAT my heart was right with thee,
And loved thee with a perfect love;
O that my Lord would dwell in me,
And never from his seat remove!

2 Father, I dwell in mournful night,
Till thou dost in my heart appear;
Arise, propitious sun! and light
An everlasting morning there.

3 O let my prayer acceptance find,
And bring the mighty blessing down;
Eye-sight impart, for I am blind;
And seal me thine adopted son.

394. C. M. WATTS.

Breathing after Holiness. Ps. 119.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my way
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 Make me to walk in thy commands;
'T is a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God

395. C. M. T. Humphries.

Lord, remember me.

1 O thou, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart,
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
Good Lord, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day:
Good Lord, remember me.

4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Good Lord, remember me.

5 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me.

6 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
Good Lord, remember me.

396. L. M. Moravian.

For Guardianship and Guidance.

1 O thou, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light;
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe;
O God, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

4 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

397. C. M. Doddridge.

Seeking the Knowledge of God.

1 Shine forth, Eternal Source of light,
And make thy glories known;
Fill our enlarged adoring sight
With lustre all thy own.

2 Vain are the charms, and faint the rays
The brightest creatures boast;
And all their grandeur and their praise
Is in thy presence lost.

3 To know the Author of our frame
Is our sublimest skill:
True science is to read thy name,
True life t' obey thy will.

4 For this I long, for this I pray,
And following on pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
Fix and complete the view.

398. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Joy in the Presence of God. Ps. 53.

1. SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine;
O let thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be thine.

2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.

3 With thee let every week begin,
With thee each day be spent,
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent.

4 Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labors cease,
And Heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

399. L. M. Watts.

A Sight of God.

1 Up to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
Vanish, as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

3 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave;
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf
While rattling thunders round us roar.

4 Great All in All, eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

400. C. M. Tate & Brady.

Praising God in all Changes. Ps. 34.

1 Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distrest
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succor trust.

4 O make but trial of his love,—
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

5 Fear him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make you his service your delight—
He 'll make your wants his care.

401. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM

Praising God in all Changes.

1 FATHER of mercies, God of love,
My Father and my God;
I 'll sing the honors of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

2 In every period of my life
Thy thoughts of love appear;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each lengthening year.

3 In all these mercies may my soul
A father's bounty see;
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.

4 Teach me in time of deep distress
To own thy hand, my God;
And in submissive silence hear
The lessons of thy rod.

5 In every changing state of life,
Each bright, each gloomy scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.

6 Then will I close my eyes in death,
Free from distressing fear;
For death itself is life, my God,
If thou art with me there.

402. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

The Soul panting for God. Ps. 42.

1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh! when shall I behold thy face,
Thou majesty divine?

3 One trouble calls another on,
And bursting o'er my head,
Fall spouting down, till round my soul
A roaring sea is spread.

4 But when thy presence, Lord of life,
Has once dispelled this storm,
To thee I 'll midnight anthems sing,
And all my vows perform.

5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

403. 7s. M. 6l. MONTGOMERY.

The Soul panting for God. Ps. 42.

1 As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see;
When, O when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to thee draw near?

2 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole:
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head,
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

404. L. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

For the continual Help of God.

1 BE with me, Lord, where'er I go;
Teach me what thou wouldst have me do;
Suggest whate'er I think or say;
Direct me in thy narrow way.

2 Prevent me, lest I harbor pride,
Lest I in mine own strength confide;
Show me my weakness, let me see
I have my power, my all from thee.

3 Enrich me alway with thy love;
My kind protection ever prove;
Thy signet put upon my breast,
And let thy Spirit on me rest.

4 Assist and teach me how to pray;
Incline my nature to obey;
What thou abhorr'st, that let me flee,
And only love what pleases thee.

5 O may I never do my will,
But thine and only thine fulfil;
Let all my time and all my ways
Be spent and ended to thy praise.

405. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Solomon's Prayer for Wisdom.

1 ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.

3 We ask not honors, which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power.
Lest we should go astray.

4 We ask for wisdom:—Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.

5 The young remember thee in youth
Before the evil days!
The old be guided by thy truth
In wisdom's pleasant ways!

406. C. M. CAPPE'S SELECTION.

Prayer for Divine Direction.

1 ETERNAL Source of life and light,
Supremely good and wise,
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.

2 Our dark and erring minds illume
With truth's celestial rays;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.

3 Safely conduct us, by thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road;
And place us, when that journey's o'er,
At thy right hand, O God!

407. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Choosing the better Part.

1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Father divine! diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart,
Wisely to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Father, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

408. C. M. Episcopal Col.

For Guidance and Protection.

1 God of our fathers! by whose hand
Thy people still are blessed,
Be with us through our pilgrimage,
Conduct us to our rest.

2 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide:
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

3 O spread thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

4 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God,
And portion evermore.

409. C. M. Anonymous.

Aspiration after a holy Life.

1 Almighty Maker! Lord of all!
Of life the only spring!
Creator of unnumbered worlds!
Supreme, eternal King!

2 Drive from the confines of my heart
Impenitence and pride;
Nor let me, in forbidden paths,
With thoughtless sinners glide.

3 Whate'er thine all-discerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit,
I'll bless the good, and to the ill
Contentedly submit.

4 With generous pleasure let me view
The prosperous and the great;
Malignant envy let me fly,
And odious self-conceit.

5 Let not despair, nor fell revenge,
Be to my bosom known:
Oh! give me tears for others' woes,
And patience for my own.

6 Feed me with necessary food:
I ask not wealth or fame:
Give me an eye to see thy will,
A heart to bless thy name.

7 May still my days serenely pass,
Without remorse or care;
And growing holiness my soul
For life's last hour prepare.

410. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Living Waters.

1 BLEST Spirit! source of grace divine!
What soul-refreshing streams are thine:
O bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.

2 No traveller through desert lands,
'Midst scorching suns and burning sands,
More eager longs for cooling rain,
Or pants the current to obtain.

3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
Spring up, celestial fountain, spring;
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below.

4 May this blest torrent near my side
Through all the desert gently glide;
Then, in Emanuel's land above,
Spread to a sea of joy and love.

411. S. M. Mme. Guion.

The Water of Life.

1 The fountain in its source,
No drought of summer fears;
The farther it pursues its course,
The nobler it appears.

2 But shallow cisterns yield
A scanty, short supply;
The morning sees them amply filled,
At evening they are dry.

3 The cisterns I forsake,
O Fount of bliss, for thee;
My thirst with living waters slake,
And drink eternity.

412. L. M. Doddridge.

Subjection to the Father of our Spirits.

1 Eternal Source of life and thought,
Be all beneath thyself forgot:
Whilst thee, great Parent-mind, we own,
In prostrate homage round thy throne.

2 Whilst in themselves our souls survey
Of thee some faint reflected ray,
They wondering to their Father rise;
His power how vast! his thoughts how wise!

3 O may we live before thy face,
The willing subjects of thy grace;
And through each path of duty move
With filial awe, and filial love.

413. L. M. Wesley's Col.

The Bread of Life.

1 Father, supply my every need;
Sustain the life thyself hast given;
Oh! grant the never-failing bread,
The manna that comes down from heaven!

2 The gracious fruits of righteousness,
Thy blessings' unexhausted store,
In me abundantly increase,
Nor ever let me hunger more!

414. S. M. PATRICK.

Holy Desires.

1 GOD, who is just and kind,
Will those who err instruct,
And to the paths of righteousness
Their wandering steps conduct.

2 The humble soul he guides,
Teaches the meek his way;
Kindness and truth he shows to all
Who his just laws obey.

3 Give me the tender heart
That mixes fear with love,
And lead me through whatever path
Thy wisdom shall approve.

4 Oh! ever keep my soul
From error, shame and guilt;
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,
Which on thy truth is built.

415. L. M. MRS. COTTERILL.

Living to the Glory of God.

1 O THOU, who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand!
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.

2 Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and thee.

3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

4 And while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give,
Until the final summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

416. S. M. HERBERT.

Doing all to the Glory of God.

1 TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee!

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do be thou the way,—
In all be thou the end.

3 All may of thee partake:
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee

4 If done beneath thy laws,
Even servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause.
The meanest work divine

417. C. M. Wesley's Col.

Thy Kingdom come.

1 Father of me and all mankind,
And all the hosts above,
Let every understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love.

2 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
To every heart of man:
Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,
In all our bosoms reign.

3 The righteousness that never ends,
But makes an end of sin;
The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in.

4 The kingdom of established peace
Which can no more remove;
The perfect powers of godliness,
The omnipotence of love.

418. C. M. Cowper.

Submission to the Divine Disposal.

1 O Lord! my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears;
Or tremble at thy gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears?

3 No! let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold from me.

4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
Shall I resist them both?
Short-sighted creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth!

5 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

419. C. M. Scott.

Folly of Self-dependence.

1 The swift not always in the race
Shall seize the crowning prize;
Not always wealth and honor grace
The labor of the wise.

2 Fond mortals but themselves beguile
When on themselves they rest:
Blind is their wisdom, weak their toil,
By thee, O Lord, unblest.

3 Evil and good before thee stand,
Thy missions to perform;
The blessing comes at thy command
At thy command the storm.

4 O Lord, in all our ways we 'll own
Thy providential power,
Intrusting to thy care alone
The lot of every hour.

420. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Resignation.

1 ONE prayer I have,—all prayers in one,—
When I am wholly thine;
Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.

2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

3 May I remember that to thee,
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back in gratitude from me,
May all thy bounties flow.

4 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent:
Those talents only well employed,
When in thy service spent.

5 And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
No, let me bless thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

6 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possessed,
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.

421. C. M. Merrick.

Acquiescence in the Divine Will.

1 Author of good, we rest on thee:
Thine ever watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

2 In thine all gracious providence
Our cheerful hopes confide;
O let thy power be our defence,
Thy love our footsteps guide.

3 And since by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill;

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply:
The good unasked, O Father, grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.

422. S. M. Watts.

Safety in God. Ps. 61.

1 When, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,—
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the rock
That 's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I 'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

423. C. M. NOEL.

Hope in Trouble.

1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
'T is sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.

2 'T is not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'T is not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still;—

3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

4 It is that harassed conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin;
And sees, though far, the hand that heals
And ends the strife within.

5 O let me wing my hallowed flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night
My Saviour's bliss to share!

424. C. M. Christian Psalmist.

Comfort in Trouble.

1 When floods of grief assault the mind,
And o'er the conscience roll,
Where shall the mourner comfort find
To soothe his troubled soul?

2 Lord, thou hast said, "Seek ye my face;"
And shall we seek in vain?
And will the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when we complain?

3 Ah! no: the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
The mourner always finds a place
To breathe his sorrows there.

4 Thy Spirit heals the troubled soul,
With guilty fears oppressed:
Thy Spirit makes the wounded whole,
And gives the weary rest.

425. L. M. Cowper.

Peace after a Storm.

1 When darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Creator! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbor one hard thought of thee.

3 O! let me then at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn—
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my God! one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious child is still.

426. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

God speaking Peace to his People. Ps. 85.

1 UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet:
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.

2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend;
For lo! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.

3 Harmonious accents to my soul
The sound of peace convey;
The tempest at his word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.

4 By all its joys, I charge my heart
To grieve his love no more;
But, charmed by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

427. C. M. Doddridge.

Deliverances celebrated. Ps. 116.

1 Look back, my soul, with grateful love
On what thy God has done;
Praise him for his unnumbered gifts,
And praise him for his Son.

2 How oft hath his indulgent hand
My flowing eyelids dried,
And rescued from impending death,
When I in danger cried!

3 When on the bed of pain I lay,
With sickness sore oppressed,
How oft hath he assuaged my grief,
And lulled my eyes to rest.

4 Back from destruction's yawning pit
At his command I came;
He fed the expiring lamp anew,
And raised its feeble flame.

5 My broken spirit he hath cheered,
When torn with inward grief;
And, when temptations pressed me sore,
Hath brought me swift relief.

6 Still will I walk before his face,
While he this life prolongs;
Till grace shall all its work complete,
And teach me heavenly songs.

428. L. M. Doddridge.

The Rest of the grateful Soul. Ps. 116.

1 Return, my soul, and seek thy rest
Upon thy heavenly Father's breast:
Indulge me, Lord, in that repose
The soul which loves thee only knows.

2 Safe in thy care, I fear no more
The tempest's howl, the billows' roar:
Those storms must shake the Almighty's seat,
Which violate the saint's retreat.

3 Thy bounties, Lord, to me surmount
The power of language to recount;
From morning dawn the setting sun
Sees but my work of praise begun.

4 Rich in ten thousand gifts possessed,
In future hopes more richly blest,
I 'll sit and sing, till death shall raise
A note of more proportioned praise.

429. C. M. Heginbotham.

Praising God in Life and Death.

1 My soul shall praise thee, O my God!
Through all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 In each bright hour of peace and hope,
Be this my sweet employ:
Devotion heightens all my bliss,
And sanctifies my joy.

3 When gloomy care or keen distress
Invades my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And soothe my pains to rest.

4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all my active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

5 And though these lips shall cease to move,
Though death shall close these eyes,
Yet shall my soul to nobler heights
Of joy and transport rise.

6 Then shall my powers in endless strains
Their grateful tribute pay:
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

430. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Days of the Upright known to God. Ps. 37.

1 To thee, my God, my days are known;
My soul enjoys the thought;
My actions all before thy face,
Nor are my faults forgot.

2 Each secret breath devotion vents
Is vocal to thine ear;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.

3 The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy shall approve;
And every pang of sympathy,
And every care of love.

4 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.

5 Full in thy view through life I pass,
And in thy view I die;
And when each mortal bond is broke,
Shall find my God is nigh.

431. 7 & 6s. M. RIPPON'S COL.

The Soul aspiring to Heaven.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that 's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

432. S. M. Watts.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place:
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

433. C. M. C. Wesley.

Seeking true Joys.

1 Our joy is a created good;
How soon it fades away!
Fades, at the morning hour bestowed,
Before the noon of day.

2 Joy, by its violent excess,
To certain ruin tends,
And all our rapturous happiness
In hasty sorrow ends.

3 In vain doth earthly bliss afford
A momentary shade;
It rises like the prophet's gourd,
And withers o'er my head.

4 But of my Saviour's love possessed,
No more for earth I pine;
Secure of everlasting rest
Beneath the heavenly vine.

434. C. M. Wesley's Col

The Saint's Rest.

1 Lord, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone;

2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe and enter in!
Now, Father, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin!

4 Remove all hardness from my heart,
All unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

435. L. M. Doddridge.

The Wisdom of redeeming Time.

1 God of eternity! from thee
Did infant time his being draw:
Moments and days, and months and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and swift they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf from which it rose.

3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid stream are borne
On to their everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

4 Yet while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amusement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great Source of wisdom! teach our hearts
To know the price of every hour,
That time may bear us on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

436. L. M. J. Taylor

True Length of Life.

1 Like shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.

2 "He lived,—he died;" behold the sum,
The abstract of the historian's page!
Alike in God's all-seeing eye,
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

3 O Father! in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie,
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly;

4 To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds;
So shall we wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

437. L. M. Merrick.

We are Pilgrims on the Earth. Ps. 39.

1 O let me, heavenly Lord, extend
My view to life's approaching end!
What are my days? a span their line;
And what my age compared with thine?

2 Our life advancing to its close,
While scarce its earliest dawn it knows,
Swift through an empty shade we run,
And vanity and man are one.

3 O, how thy chastisements impair
The human form, however fair!
How frail the strongest frame we see,
If thou its mortal doom decree!

4 As when the fretting moths consume
The labor of the curious loom,
The texture fails, the dyes decay,
And all its lustre fades away.

5 God of my fathers! here, as they,
I walk the pilgrim of a day;
A transient guest, thy works admire,
And instant to my home retire.

6 O spare me, Lord, awhile, O spare,
And nature's failing strength repair,
Ere, life's short circuit wandered o'er,
I perish, and am seen no more.

438. L. M. Spirit of the Psalms.

Numbering our Days. Ps. 39.

1 The term of life assigned to man
Is transient as a passing shade;
Its longest period is a span,
And in the bud his honors fade.

2 He walks but in an empty show,
Vexed and disquieted in vain:
To unknown heirs his wealth must flow,
And he to dust return again.

3 So let us number, then, our days,
That we may know how frail we are;
Call to remembrance all our ways,
And for eternity prepare.

439. C. M. H. K. White.

Journeying through Death to Life.

1 Through sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of a heavenly King,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

4 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise,
To seek its kindred sky.

440. S. M. Doddridge

Uncertainty of Life.

1 To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand:
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise
That they may live to-day.

3 One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

4 To Jesus may we fly
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die,
In sudden, endless night.

441. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Heaven and Earth.

1 WHILE through this changing world we roam,
From infancy to age,
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage.

2 Thither his raptured thought ascends,
Eternal joys to share;
There his adoring spirit bends,
While here he kneels in prayer.

3 From earth his freed affections rise,
To fix on things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies,
And love is perfect love.

4 Ah! there may we our treasure place,
There let our hearts be found,
That still where sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound.

5 Henceforth our conversation be
With Christ before the throne:
Ere long we eye to eye shall see,
And know as we are known.

442. C. M. WATTS.

Protection, Victory, and Deliverance. Ps. 91.

1 YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Exposed to every snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,
And try, and trust his care.

2 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways;
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

3 "Because on me they set their love,
I'll save them, saith the Lord;
I'll bear their joyful souls above
Destruction and the sword.

4 "My grace shall answer when they call;
In trouble I'll be nigh;
My power shall help them when they fall,
And raise them when they die.

5 "Those that on earth my name have known,
I'll honor them in heaven;
There my salvation shall be shown,
And endless life be given."

443. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Tracing the Steps of the pious Dead

1 How swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea!
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!

2 Our fathers, where are they,
With all they called their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor, gone.

3 God of our fathers! hear;
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

4 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

444. L. M. WATTS.

Man mortal, and God eternal. Ps. 90.

1 THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode:
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hast thou reigned ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.

4 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.

5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man!
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

445. C. M. Watts.

Man frail, and God eternal. Ps. 90.

1 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men:"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light:
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 't is night.

7 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

446. S. M. Watts.

Frailty and Shortness of Life. Ps. 90.

1 Lord, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 't is,
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Alas! 't was brittle clay
That built our body first!
And every month and every day
'T is mouldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood, our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
We 'll keep their end in sight;
We 'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They 'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea:
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

447. C. M. TATE & BRADY.

Man frail, and God eternal. Ps. 90.

1 O LORD, the saviour and defence
Of us thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure abiding place.

2 Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,
Or earth received its frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God,
And ever art the same.

3 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made;
And when thou speak'st the word, Return,
'T is instantly obeyed.

4 For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that 's past,
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.

5 So teach us, Lord, the uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclined.

448. C. M. WATTS.

Our Bodies frail, and God our Preserver.

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we 'll confess, O Lord, to thee
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies, if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 't is our God supports our frame,
The God who built us first;
Salvation to the Almighty Name
That reared us from the dust.

5 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we 'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

449. C. M. WATTS.

Frail Life, and succeeding Eternity.

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame;
What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We 're travelling to the grave

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And, if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

450. C. M. J. Newton.

Vanity of mortal Life.

1 The evils that beset our path,
Who can prevent or cure?
We stand upon the brink of death,
When most we seem secure.

2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,
It soon may be withdrawn;
Some change may plunge us in distress,
Before to-morrow's dawn.

3 Disease and pain invade our health,
And find an easy prey;
And oft, when least expected, wealth
Takes wings and flies away.

4 The gourds from which we look for fruit,
Produce us often pain;
A worm unseen attacks the root,
And all our hopes are vain.

5 Since sin has filled the earth with woe,
And creatures fade and die;
Lord, wean our hearts from things below,
And fix our hopes on high!

451. L. M. Watts.

Death a Blessing to the Righteous.

1 Do flesh and nature dread to die?
And timorous thoughts our minds enslave?
But grace can raise our hopes on high,
And quell the terrors of the grave.

2 Do we not dwell in clouds below,
And little know the God we love?
Why should we like this twilight so,
When 't is all noon in worlds above?

3 When we put off this fleshly load,
We 're from a thousand mischiefs free,
Forever present with our God,
Where we have longed and wished to be.

4 No more shall pride or passion rise,
Or envy fret, or malice roar,
Or sorrow mourn with downcast eyes,
And sin defile our eyes no more.

5 'T is best, 't is infinitely best,
To go where tempters cannot come,
Where saints and angels, ever blest,
Dwell and enjoy their heavenly home.

6 O for a visit from my God,
To drive my fears of death away,
And help me through this darksome road,
To realms of everlasting day!

452. C. M. WATTS.

Triumphant over Death.

1 GREAT God, I own the sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

453. L. M. BROWNE.

Fear of Death overcome.

1 I CANNOT shun the stroke of death—
Lord, help me to surmount the fear;
That when I must resign my breath,
Serene my summons I may hear.

2 'T is sin gives venom to the dart—
In me let every sin be slain;
From secret faults, Lord, cleanse my heart,
From wilful sins my hands restrain.

3 May I, my God, with holy zeal,
Closely the ends of life pursue,
Seek thy whole pleasure to fulfil,
And honor thee in all I do!

4 Let all my bliss and treasure lie
Where in thy light I light shall see;
The soul may freely dare to die,
That longs to be possessed of thee.

5 Say thou art mine, and chase the gloom
Thick hanging o'er the vale of death;
Then shall I fearless meet my doom,
And as a victor yield my breath.

454. 11s. M. EPISCOPAL COL.

I would not live alway.

1 I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way:
I would not live alway: no, welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom.

2 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode!
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

3 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul!

455. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

God our Support in Death. Ps. 38.

1 MY soul! the awful hour will come,
Apace it hastens on,
To bear this body to the tomb,
And thee to scenes unknown.

2 My heart, long laboring with its cares,
Shall pant and sink away;
And you, mine eyelids, soon shall close,
On the last glimmering ray.

3 Whence in that hour shall I derive
A cordial for my pain,
When, if earth's monarchs were my friends,
Those friends would weep in vain?

4 Great King of nature and of grace!
To thee my spirit flies,
And opens all its deep distress
Before thy pitying eyes.

5 All its desires to thee are known,
And every secret fear;
The meaning of each broken groan
Is noticed by thine ear.

6 O fix me by that mighty power
Which to such love belongs,
Where darkness veils the eyes no more,
And sighs are changed to songs.

456. C. M. WATTS.

Submission to afflictive Providences.

1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favors borrowed now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and, blessed be his name!
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions, then;
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

457. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Weeping Seed-time, joyful Harvest. Ps. 126.

1 THE darkened sky, how thick it lowers!
Troubled with storms, and big with showers;
No cheerful gleam of light appears,
But nature pours forth all her tears.

2 Yet, let the sons of grace revive;
God bids the soul that seeks him live;
And from the gloomiest shade of night
Calls forth a morning of delight.

3 The seeds of ecstasy unknown
Are in these watered furrows sown;
See the green blades, how thick they rise,
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes.

4 In secret foldings they contain
Unnumbered ears of golden grain;
And heaven shall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.

5 Then shall the trembling mourner come,
And bind his sheaves, and bear them home,
The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,
Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

458. 8, 7 & 4s. M. Mrs. Gilbert.

Support in Death.

1 When the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
O my Father, soothe my fears,
Light me through this darksome way:
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day.

2 Starting from this dying state,
Upward bid my soul aspire;
Open thou the crystal gate,
To thy praise attune my lyre:
Dwell forever,
Dwell on each immortal wire.

3 From the sparkling turrets there,
Oft I'll trace my pilgrim way,
Often bless thy guardian care,
Fire by night, and cloud by day;
While my triumphs
At my Leader's feet I lay.

459. C. M. Doddridge.

God the everlasting Light.

1 Ye golden lamps of heaven! farewell,
With all your feeble light:
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night!

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day!
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline,
Amid those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite;
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

460. L. M. S. Wesley.

The Young cut off in their Prime.

1 The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay, their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows:
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains:
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

461. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Departed Saints living to God.

1 THRICE happy state, where saints shall live
Around their Father's throne,
In every joy that heaven can give,
And live to God alone!

2 Unnumbered bands of kindred minds,
That dwelt in feeble clay,
Us and our woes have left behind,
To reign in endless day.

3 Immortal vigor now they breathe,
And all the air is peace;
They chide our tears, that mourn the death
Which brought their souls release.

4 Thus shall the grace of Christ prevail,
Till all his chosen meet;
And not the meanest servant fail
His household to complete.

5 To that blest goal with ardent haste
Our active souls would tend;
Nor feel their sorrows, as they passed
To such a blissful end.

462. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Comfort on the Death of pious Friends.

1 TRANSPORTING tidings which we hear!
What music to the pious ear!
Christ loves each humble saint so well,
He with his Lord shall ever dwell.

2 O happy dead, in thee that sleep,
While o'er their mouldering dust we weep!
O faithful Saviour, who shall come
That dust to ransom from the tomb!

3 While thine unerring word imparts
So rich a cordial to our hearts,
Through tears our triumphs shall be shown,
Though round their graves, and near our own.

463. C. M. WATTS.

Blessed are the Dead who die in the Lord.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed:
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They 're present with the Lord!
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

464. S. M. WILSON.

I heard a Voice from Heaven.

1 I HEARD a voice from heaven
Say, "Blessed is the doom
Of those whose trust is in the Lord,
When sinking to the tomb!"

2 The Holy Spirit spake—
And I the words repeat—
"Blessed are they"—for, after toil,
To mortals rest is sweet.

465. L. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

The Righteous blessed in Death.

1 How blessed the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blessed the righteous when he dies!"

466. C. M. J. Newton.

The Death of a Believer.

1 In vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saints,
When yielding up their breath.

2 One gentle sigh their fetters breaks!
We scarce can say, "They're gone!"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail
To trace her in its flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

4 Thus much, and this is all we know,
They are completely blest;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view;
Then let us followers be of them,
That we may praise him too.

467. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Near Approach of Salvation.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love,
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day!
Welcome each closing year!

3 Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

468. L. M. J. NEWTON.

Home in View.

1 As when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still:

2 While he surveys the much-loved spot,
He slights the space that lies between;
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen:

3 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

4 The thought of home his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past,
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

5 'T is there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And God shall wipe my tears away.

6 Father! on thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to thine abode:
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil when on the road.

469. L. M. MONTGOMERY

Preparation for Heaven.

1 HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin,
But all who hope to enter there,
Must here that holy course begin,
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.

2 Clean hearts, O God, in us create,
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew;
Commence we now that higher state
Now do thy will as angels do.

3 In Jesus' footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of his love;
And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below to heaven above.

470. C. M. Mrs. Steele.

Immortal Joys.

1 How long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies?

2 These transient scenes will soon decay;
They fade upon the sight:
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.

3 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above earth's gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

4 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.

5 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving ray of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

6 Then shall on faith's sublimest wing
Our ardent wishes rise,
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

March 1, 1863

471. C. P. M. C. Wesley.

Reunion of Friends in Heaven.

1 If death my friend and me divide,
Thou dost not, Lord, my sorrow chide,
Or frown my tears to see:
Restrained from passionate excess,
Thou bidst me mourn in calm distress,
For them that rest in thee.

2 I feel a strong immortal hope,
Which bears my mournful spirit up,
Beneath its mountain-load:
Redeemed from death, and grief, and pain,
I soon shall find my friend again,
Within the arms of God.

3 Pass a few fleeting moments more,
And death the blessing shall restore,
Which death hath snatched away;
For me thou wilt the summons send,
And give me back my parted friend,
In that eternal day.

472. C. M. Christian Psalmist.

The heavenly Jerusalem.

1 Jerusalem! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blessed seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

473. C. M. WATTS.

Heaven invisible and holy.

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love his Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come:
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

474. L. M. Wesley's Col.

Eternal Mansions.

1 Pass a few swiftly fleeting years,
And all that now in bodies live,
Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears,
Their righteous sentence to receive.

2 But all, before they hence remove,
May mansions for themselves prepare
In that eternal home above;
And, O my God! shall I be there?

475. C. M. Watts.

The Promised Land.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove—
Those gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes:

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

476. L. M. 61. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

Foretaste of Heaven.

1 WHAT must it be to dwell above,
At God's right hand, where Jesus reigns,
Since the sweet earnest of his love
O'erwhelms us on these earthly plains!
No heart can think, no tongue explain,
What bliss it is with Christ to reign.

2 When sin no more obstructs our sight,
When sorrow pains our hearts no more,
How shall we view the Prince of Light,
And all his works of grace explore!
What heights and depths of love divine
Will there through endless ages shine!

3 This is the heaven I long to know;
For this, with patience, I would wait,
Till, weaned from earth, and all below,
I mount to my celestial seat,
And wave my palm, and wear my crown,
And, with the elders, cast them down.

477. C. M. Watts.

The Hope of Heaven our Support in Trials.

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all—

3 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

478. C. M. Addison.

Looking forward to Judgment.

1 When rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

3 When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!

4 But there's forgiveness, Lord, with thee
Thy nature is benign:
Thy pard'ning mercy I implore,
For mercy, Lord, is thine.

5 O let thy boundless mercy shine
On my benighted soul!
Correct my passions, mend my heart,
And all my fears control.

6 And may I taste thy richer grace,
In that decisive hour
When Christ to judgment shall descend,
And time shall be no more.

479. C. M. H. H. Milman.

The last Harvest.

1 The angel comes; he comes to reap
The harvest of the Lord!
O'er all the earth with fatal sweep
Wide waves his flaming sword.

2 And who are they, in sheaves to bide
The fire of vengeance bound?
The tares, whose rank luxuriant pride
Choked the fair crop around.

3 And who are they, reserved in store
God's treasure-house to fill?
The wheat, a hundred fold that bore
Amid surrounding ill.

4 O King of mercy! grant us power
Thy fiery wrath to flee!
In thy destroying angel's hour,
O gather us to thee!

480. C. M. Butcher.

The Light of Eternity.

1 "Stand still, refulgent orb of day!"
The Jewish victor cries:
So shall at last an angel say,
And tear it from the skies.

2 A flame intenser than the sun
Shall melt his golden urn;
Time's empty glass no more shall run,
Nor human years return.

3 Then, with immortal splendor bright,
That glorious orb shall rise,
Which through eternity shall light
The new created skies.

4 On the bright ranks of happy souls
Those blissful beams shall shine;
While the loud song of triumph rolls,
In harmony divine.

5 O let not sordid, base desire,
The soul's dark rayless night,
Unfit us for heaven's sacred choir,
Or God's eternal light!

481. S. M. Montgomery.

The Issues of Life and Death.

1 O where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole:

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love:—

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what appalling horrors hang
Around the "second death!"

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And utterly undone.

6 Here would we end our quest;
Alone are found in thee,
The life of perfect love,—the rest
Of immortality.

482. C. P. M. C. Wesley.

Contemplation of Judgment.

1 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

2 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

3 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss to insure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

4 Then, Father, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

483. 7s. M. Bp. Heber.

The Last Judgment.

1 In the sun and moon and stars
Signs and wonders there shall be;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.

2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Tossed with stronger tempests, rise;
Darker storms the mountain sweep
Redder lightning rend the skies.

3 Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
Racking doubt and restless fear;
And, amid the thunder-cloud,
Shall the Judge of men appear.

4 But though from that awful face
Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye, his chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh.

484. P. M. LUTHER.

Luther's Judgment Hymn.

1 GREAT God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;—
Prepare, my soul, to meet him!

485. C. M. Bp. Heber.

Early Religion.

1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God!

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage!

5 O thou who giv'st us life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own!

486. C. M. WATTS.

Advantages of Early Religion.

1 HAPPY the child whose tender years
Receive instructions well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 When we devote our youth to God,
'T is pleasing in his eyes;
A flower when offered in the bud
Is no vain sacrifice.

3 'T is easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While sinners, who grow old in sin,
Are hardened in their crimes.

4 'T will save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

5 To thee, almighty God! to thee
Our childhood we resign:
'T will please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

6 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our youngest breath:
Thus, we 're prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

487. L. M. Cawood.

For Children.

1 In Israel's fane, by silent night,
The lamp of God was burning bright;
And there, by viewless angels kept,
Samuel, the child, securely slept.

2 A voice unknown the stillness broke;
"Samuel!" it called, and thrice it spoke;
He rose; he asked whence came the word;
From Eli? No—it was the Lord.

3 Thus early called to serve his God,
In paths of righteousness he trod;
Prophetic visions fired his breast,
And all the chosen tribes were blest.

4 Speak, Lord! and, from our earliest days,
Incline our hearts to love thy ways;
Thy wakening voice hath reached our ear;
Speak, Lord, to us; thy servants hear.

488. C. M. Salisbury Col.

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

1 In the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb;

2 Remember thy Creator, God;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blessed eternity.

4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth:
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

489. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

For Sunday Schools.

1 WITHIN these walls be peace;
Love through our borders found;
In all our little palaces
Prosperity abound.

2 God scorns not humble things;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.

3 May none who thus are taught,
From glory be cast down,
But all through faith and patience brought
To an immortal crown.

490. C. M. WATTS.

Daily and Nightly Devotion. Ps. 134.

1 YE that obey the immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his power,
And bless his wondrous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
  And send your souls on high:
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
  Above the starry sky.

3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts
  With rays of quickening grace;
The God that spreads the heavens abroad,
  And rules the swelling seas.

491. C. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

For a Blessing with Food.

1 FOUNTAIN of being, Source of good,
  At whose almighty breath
The creature proves our bane or food,
  Dispensing life or death;

2 Thee we address with humble fear;
  Vouchsafe thy gifts to crown:
Father of all, thy children hear,
  And send a blessing down.

3 O may our souls forever pine
  Thy grace to taste and see;
Athirst for righteousness divine.
  And hungry after thee.

492. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Goodness of God in the Seasons.

1 GREAT God, at whose all-powerful call
At first arose this beauteous frame,
Thou bidst the seasons change, and all
The changing seasons speak thy name.

2 Thy bounty bids the infant year,
From winter storms recovered, rise;
When thousand grateful scenes appear,
Fresh opening to our wondering eyes.

3 The new delight how great, to see
The earth in vernal beauty dressed,
While in each herb, and flower, and tree,
Thy opening bounty shines confessed.

4 Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,
And light and genial heat conveys;
And while he leads the seasons on,
From thee derives his quickening rays.

5 Indulgent God! from every part
Thy plenteous blessings largely flow;
We see; we taste; let every heart
With grateful love and duty glow.

493. H. M. FREEMAN.

Imitation of Thomson's Hymn on the Seasons.

1 LORD of the worlds below!
On earth thy glories shine;
The changing seasons show
Thy skill and power divine.
In all we see
A God appears;
The rolling years
Are full of thee.

2 Forth in the flowery spring,
We see thy beauty move;
The birds on branches sing
Thy tenderness and love;

Wide flush the hills;
The air is balm:
Devotion's calm
Our bosom fills.

3 Then come, in robes of light,
The summer's flaming days;
The sun, thine image bright,
Thy majesty displays;
And oft thy voice
In thunder rolls;
But still our souls
In thee rejoice.

4 In autumn, a rich feast
Thy common bounty gives
To man, and bird, and beast,
And everything that lives.
Thy liberal care
At morn and noon
And harvest moon,
Our lips declare.

5 In winter, awful thou!
With storms around thee cast;
The leafless forests bow
Beneath thy northern blast.
While tempests lower,
To thee, dread King,
We homage bring,
And own thy power.

494. C. M. Watts.

The Seasons of the Year. Ps. 147.

1 With songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

5 He sends his word, and melts the snow;
The fields no longer mourn:
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

495. C. M. Watts.

The Blessing of Rain. Ps. 65.

1 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power!
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 The morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air, are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The Author is divine.

4 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

496. C. M. Watts.

God gives Rain. Ps. 65.

1 Good is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care;
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers, raised on high,
Pour out, at thy command,
Their watery blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The softened ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The valleys rich provision yield,
And the poor laborers sing.

4 The little hills, on every side,
Rejoice at falling showers;
The meadows, dressed in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.

5 The various months thy goodness crowns;
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

497. L. M. RIPPON'S COL.

Divine Influences compared to Rain.

1 THE dews and rains, in all their store,
Watering the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.

2 As in soft silence vernal showers
Descend and cheer the fainting flowers!
So in the secrecy of love
Falls the sweet influence from above.

3 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

4 Nor let these blessings be confined
To me, but poured on all mankind;
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise
And a new Eden bless our eyes

498. C. M. Addison.

The Traveller's Hymn.

1 How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
They pass unhurt through burning climes,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 Thy mercy sweetens every soil,
Makes every region please;
The hoary frozen hills it warms,
And smooths the boisterous seas.

4 Though by the dreadful tempest tossed
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

5 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

6 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past
And humbly hope for more.

499. L. M. C. Wesley.

The Mariner's Hymn.

1 Glory to thee, whose powerful word
Bids the tempestuous wind arise;
Glory to thee, the sovereign Lord
Of air, and earth, and seas, and skies!

2 Let air, and earth, and skies obey,
And seas thine awful will perform;
From them we learn to own thy sway,
And shout to meet the gathering storm.

3 What though the floods lift up their voice,
Thou hearest, Lord, our louder cry;
They cannot damp thy children's joys,
Or shake the soul when God is nigh.

4 Roar on, ye waves! our souls defy
Your roaring to disturb our rest;
In vain to impair the calm ye try,
The calm in a believer's breast.

500. L. M. C. Wesley.

The Mariner's Hymn of Praise.

1 Lord of the wide-extended main!
Whose power the winds and seas controls,
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,
Whose Spirit leads believing souls;

2 Throughout the deep thy footsteps shine;
We own thy way is in the sea,
O'erawed by majesty divine,
And lost in thine immensity!

3 Thy wisdom here we learn to adore,
Thine everlasting truth we prove,
Amazing heights of boundless power,
Unfathomable depths of love.

4 Infinite God! thy greatness spanned
These heavens, and meted out the skies!
Lo! in the hollow of thy hand
The measured waters sink and rise.

5 Thee to perfection who can tell?
Earth and her sons beneath thee lie,
Lighter than dust within thy scale,
And less than nothing in thine eye.

6 Yet in thy Son divinely great,
We claim thy providential care;
Boldly we stand before thy seat,
Our Advocate hath placed us there.

7 With him we are gone up on high,
Since he is ours, and we are his;
With him we reign above the sky,
And walk upon the subject seas.

501. L. M. 61. ANONYMOUS.

The Mariner's Hymn.

1 LORD of the Sea!—thy potent sway
Old Ocean's wildest waves obey;
The gale that whistles through the shrouds,
The storm that drives the frighted clouds—
If but thy whisper order peace,
How soon their rude commotions cease!

2 Lord of the Sea!—the silent hour,
And deep, dull calm, confess thy power;
The sun that pours his welcome light,
The moon that makes the dark scene bright,
The guiding star, the favoring wind,
Display a good and sovereign mind.

3 Lord of the Sea!—the seaman keep
From all the dangers of the deep!
When high the white-capped billows rise,
When tempests roar along the skies,
When foes or shoals awaken fear—
O! in thy mercy be thou near!

4 Lord of the Sea!—when, safe from harm,
The sailor rests in slumbers calm,
May dreams of home his spirit cheer,—
Dreams that shall never false appear;
May thoughts of friends, and peace, and thee,
His solid consolations be!

5 Lord of the Sea!—a sea is life
Of care and sorrow, woe and strife!
With watchful pains we steer along,
To keep the right path, shun the wrong:
God grant, that, after every roam,
We gain an everlasting home!

502. 8, 7 & 4s. M. COTTERILL.

The Light to lighten the Gentiles.

1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness,
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindred of the people
Lost in sin's bewildering maze;
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.

2 Light of them that sit in darkness!
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring;
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing in thy wing;
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

3 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and, worshipping before him,
Serve the living God alone:
Let thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

4 Thou to whom all power is given,
Speak the word;—at thy command,
Let the company of preachers
Spread thy name from land to land;
Lord, be with them
Alway to the end of time.

503. 7 & 6s. M. Bp. Heber.

Missionary Hymn.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;

In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

504. C. M. MONTGOMERY

Restoration of Israel.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake! put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south, "Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north!"

4 They come, they come;—thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

505. C. M. WESLEY'S COL.

Relying on God in Time of Trial.

1 FATHER of lights, thy needful aid
To us that ask, impart;
Mistrustful of ourselves, afraid
Of our own treacherous heart.

2 In spite of our resolves, we fear
Our own infirmity,
And tremble at the trial near,
And cry, O God, to thee!

3 Our only help in danger's hour,
Our only strength thou art!
Above the world, and all its power,
And greater than our heart.

4 If on thy promised grace alone
We faithfully depend,
Thou surely wilt preserve thy own,
And keep them to the end.

506. C. M. BP. HEBER.

In Times of Distress and Danger.

1 OH God that madest the earth and sky,
The darkness and the day,
Give ear to this thy family,
And help us when we pray!
For wide the waves of bitterness
Around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart,
To view the rocky shore!

2 The cross our Master bore for us,
For him we fain would bear;
But mortal strength to weakness turns,
And courage to despair!
Then mercy on our failings, Lord!
Our sinking faith renew!
And when his sorrows visit us,
Oh send his patience too!

507. L. M. Mrs. Steele.

Faith in God in Times of Scarcity.

1 Should famine o'er the mourning field
Extend her desolating reign,
Nor spring her blooming beauties yield,
Nor autumn swell the fruitful grain;

2 Should lowing herds, and bleating sheep,
Around their famished master die;
And hope itself despairing weep,
While life deplores its last supply;

3 Amid the dark, the deathful scene,
If I can say, The Lord is mine!
The joy shall triumph o'er the pain,
And glory dawn, though life decline.

4 The God of my salvation lives;
My nobler life he will sustain;
His word immortal vigor gives,
Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.

508. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Comfort in Sickness and Death.

1 WHEN sickness shakes the languid frame,
Each dazzling pleasure flies;
Phantoms of bliss no more obscure
Our long-deluded eyes.

2 The tottering frame of mortal life
Shall crumble into dust;
Nature shall faint—but learn, my soul,
On nature's God to trust.

3 The man whose pious heart is fixed
On his all-gracious God,
In every frown may comfort find,
And kiss the chastening rod.

4 Nor him shall death itself alarm;
On heaven his soul relies;
With joy he views his Maker's love,
And with composure dies.

509. C. M. EXETER COL.

Wonderful Formation of Man.

1 WHEN I with curious eyes survey
My complicated frame,
I read on every part inscribed
My great Creator's name.

2 Why was my body formed erect,
Whilst brutes bow down to earth,
But that my soul should learn to know
And claim its nobler birth?

3 Author of life, my tongue shall sing
The wonders of my frame;
Long as I breathe, and think, and speak,
I 'll praise thy glorious name.

510. 10s. M. Sir John Davies.

Dignity of Human Nature.

1 Oh! what is man, great Maker of mankind!
That thou to him so great respect dost bear!
That thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king, and e'en an angel's peer!

2 Oh! what a lively life, what heavenly power,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire,
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower
Dost thou within this dying flesh inspire!

3 Nor hast thou given these blessings for a day,
Nor made them on the body's life depend:
The soul, though made in time, survives for aye;
And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

511. C. M. Anonymous.

Old Age anticipated.

1 When in the vale of lengthened years
My feeble feet shall tread,
And I survey the various scenes
Through which I have been led;

2 How many mercies will my life
Before my view unfold!
What countless dangers will be past,
What tales of sorrow told!

3 But yet, my soul! if thou canst say
I've seen my God in all;
In every blessing owned his hand,
In every loss his call;

4 If piety has marked my steps,
And love my actions formed,
And purity possessed my heart,
And truth my lips adorned:

5 If I an aged servant am
Of Jesus and of God,
I need not fear the closing scene,
Nor dread the appointed road.

6 This scene will all my labors end;
This road conduct on high;
With comfort I'll review the past,
And triumph though I die.

512. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

Memory of the Past.

1 How blest is he whose tranquil mind,
When life declines, recalls again
The years that time has cast behind,
And reaps delight from toil and pain.

2 So, when the transient storm is past,
The sudden gloom and driving shower,
The sweetest sunshine is the last;
The loveliest is the evening hour.

513. 7s. M. J. Newton.

At Parting.

1 As the sun's enlivening eye
Shines on every place the same;
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love his name.

2 When they move at duty's call,
He is with them by the way;
He is ever with them all,
Those who go, and those who stay.

3 From his holy mercy-seat
Nothing can their souls confine;
Still in spirit they may meet,
And in sweet communion join.

4 For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

5 Father, hear our humble prayer!
Tender shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

6 In thy strength may we be strong,
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Give us, if we live, ere long,
Here to meet in peace again

514. L. M. Doddridge.

The Christian Farewell.

1 Thy presence, everlasting God!
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad:
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
When separate, happy if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.

3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

4 Give us, in thy beloved house,
Again to pay our grateful vows;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

515. L. M. Anonymous.

Death of an Infant.

1 As the sweet flower that scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day;
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled its life away.

2 It died ere its expanding soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires,
Had ever spurned at Heaven's control
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.

3 It died to sin, it died to cares,
But for a moment felt the rod:—
O mourner! such, the Lord declares,
Such are the children of our God!

516. C. M. Christian Psalmist.

The Saints in Glory.

1 How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

5 The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

6 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

517. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

This do in remembrance of me.

1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember thee:—

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

518. L. M. Watts.

The Memorial of our absent Lord.

1 Jesus is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him.

4 Whilst he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near his face.

519. 7s. M. Pratt's Col.

Spiritual Nourishment.

1 Bread of heaven! on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread!

2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died;
Lord of life! oh, let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

520. C. M. E. TAYLOR.

Proper Dispositions for the Communion.

1 O HERE, if ever, God of love!
Let strife and hatred cease;
And every thought harmonious move,
And every heart be peace.

2 Not here, where met to think on him
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.

3 No, gracious Master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been;
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.

4 "Thy kingdom come;" we watch, we wait,
To hear thy cheering call,
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

521. L. M. WATTS.

The Lord's Supper instituted.

1 'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes;

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake:
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food:"
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine;
"'T is the new covenant in my blood."

4 "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

5 Jesus! thy feast we celebrate;
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb

522. C. M. Birmingham Col.

For Communicants.

1 Ye followers of the Prince of Peace,
Who round his table draw!
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

2 The love which all his bosom filled,
Did all his actions guide;
Inspired by love, he lived and taught;
Inspired by love, he died.

3 Let each the sacred law fulfil;
Like his be every mind:
Be every temper formed by love
And every action kind.

4 Let none who call themselves his friends,
Disgrace the honored name;
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

523. 8 & 7s. M. Exeter Col

After Communion.

1 From the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.

2 His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God through endless day!

524. L. M. West Boston Col.

Hymn for Baptism.

1 This child we dedicate to thee,
O God of grace and purity!
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let thy love its life prolong.

2 O may thy Spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep thy law;
May virtue, piety and truth,
Dawn even with its dawning youth.

3 We, too, before thy gracious sight,
Once shared the blest baptismal rite,
And would renew its solemn vow
With love, and thanks, and praises now.

4 Grant that, with true and faithful heart,
We still may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by each promise thou hast given,
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

525. C. M. Doddridge.

Dedication of Children to God and Christ.

1 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek his face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

5 If orphans they are left behind,
God's guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

526. C. M. Anonymous.

Practical Improvement of Baptism.

1 Attend, ye children of your God,
Ye heirs of glory, hear;
Let accents so divine as these
Engage the attentive ear:—

2 Baptized into your Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die;
With Christ your Lord ye live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

3 Rise from these earthly trifles; rise,
On wings of faith and love;
In heaven your choicest treasure lies,
And be your hearts above.

527. P. M. Flint.

On leaving an ancient Church.

1 Here to the High and Holy One,
Our fathers early reared
A house of prayer, a lowly one,
Yet long to them endeared
By hours of sweet communion
Held with their covenant God,
As oft, in sacred union,
His hallowed courts they trod

2 Gone are the pious multitudes,
That here kept holy time;
In other courts assembled now
For worship more sublime.

Their children, we are waiting
In meekness, Lord, thy call;
Thy love still celebrating,
Our hope, our trust, our all.

3 These time-worn walls, the resting-place,
So oft from earthly cares,
To righteous souls now perfected,
We leave with thanks and prayers:
With thanks, for every blessing
Vouchsafed through all the past;
With prayers, thy throne addressing
For guidance to the last.

4 Though from this house, so long beloved,
We part with sadness now,
Yet here, we trust, with gladness soon
In fairer courts to bow:
So when our souls forsaking
These bodies, fallen and pale,
In brighter forms awaking,
With joy the change shall hail.

528. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

On laying the Foundation Stone of a Church.

1 THIS stone to thee in faith we lay,
We build the temple, Lord, to thee;
Thine eye be open, night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And, when thou hearest, O forgive!

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna! let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.

5 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

529. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

On opening a new Place of Worship.

1 AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he from his radiant throne
Avow our temples for his own?

2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.

3 These walls we to thy honor raise:
Long may they echo with thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

4 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train,
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

5 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

530. 7s. M. MONTGOMERY.

On opening a Place for Worship.

1 LORD of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's heart prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end

531 L. M. PIERPONT.

Dedication of a House of Worship.

1 O BOW thine ear, Eternal One!
On thee our heart adoring calls;
To thee the followers of thy Son
Have raised, and now devote these walls.

2 Here let thy holy days be kept;
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

3 Here may thine honor dwell; and here,
As incense, let thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.

4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung;
Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
As when, of old, thy spirit hung
On wings of light o'er Jordan's wave.

5 And when the lips, that with thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn.

532. L. M. WILLIS.

Dedication Hymn.

1 THE perfect world by Adam trod,
Was the first temple—built by God;
His fiat laid the corner stone,
And heaved its pillars, one by one

2 He hung its starry roof on high—
The broad illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood—
The sea, the sky, and "all was good;"
And, when its first pure praises rang,
The "morning stars together sang."

4 Lord! 't is not ours to make the sea
And earth and sky a house for thee;
But in thy sight our offering stands,
An humbler temple, "made with hands."

533. L. M. COWPER.

On opening a Place for Social Worship.

1 OUR God, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

4 Behold, at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear:
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own!

534. L. M. FROTHINGHAM.

Ordination of a Minister.

1 O GOD, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above!
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

2 That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace received—
Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

3 That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek, and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

4 Direct and guard the youthful strength
Devoted to thy Son this day;
And give thy word full course at length
O'er man's defects and time's decay.

5 Send down its angel to our side—
Send in its calm upon the breast;
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

535. L. M. PIERPONT.

Ordination Hymn.

1 O THOU, who art above all height!
Our God, our Father, and our Friend!
Beneath thy throne of love and light
Let thine adoring children bend.

2 We kneel in praise, that here is set
A vine that by thy culture grew;
We kneel in prayer that thou wouldst wet
Its opening leaves with heavenly dew.

3 Since thy young servant now hath given
Himself, his powers, his hopes, his youth,
To the great cause of truth and heaven,
Be thou his guide, O God of truth!

4 Here may his doctrines drop like rain,
His speech like Hermon's dew distil,
Till green fields smile, and golden grain
Ripe for the harvest, waits thy will.

5 And when he sinks in death—by care,
Or pain, or toil, or years oppressed—
O God! remember then our prayer,
And take his spirit to thy rest.

536. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

For a Meeting of Ministers.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'T is not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear?

4 May they, that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

537. C. M. BROWNE.

For a Charitable Occasion.

1 O HOW can they look up to heaven,
And ask for mercy there,
Who never soothed the poor man's pang,
Nor dried the orphan's tear!

2 The dread Omnipotence of heaven
We every hour provoke,
Yet still the mercy of our God
Withholds the avenging stroke.

3 And Christ was still the healing friend
Of poverty and pain,
And never did imploring wretch
His garment touch in vain.

4 May we with humble effort take
Example from above,
And thence the active lesson learn
Of charity and love.

5 But chiefly be the labor ours
To shade the early plant;
To guard from ignorance and guilt
The infancy of want:

6 To graft the virtues, ere the bud
The canker-worm has gnawed,
And teach the rescued child to lisp
Its gratitude to God.

538 P. M. Wesley's Col

For a New Year.

1 Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear!

2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

3 Our life is a dream, our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

5 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."

6 O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word—
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

539. 10s. M. E. Taylor.

The changing Year.

1 God of the changing year, whose arm of power
In safety leads through danger's darkest hour,
Here in thy temple bow thy creatures down,
To bless thy mercy, and thy might to own.

2 Thine are the beams that cheer us on our way,
And pour around the gladdening light of day;
Thine is the night, and the fair orbs that shine
To cheer its hours of darkness—all are thine.

3 If round our path the thorns of sorrow grew,
And mortal friends were faithless, thou wert true;
Did sickness shake the frame, or anguish tear
The wounded spirit, thou wert present there.

4 Yet when our hearts review departed days,
How vast thy mercies! how remiss our praise!
Well may we dread thine awful eye to meet,
Bend at thy throne, and worship at thy feet.

5 O lend thine ear, and lift our voice to thee;
Where'er we dwell, still let thy mercy be;
From year to year, still nearer to thy shrine
Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly thine

540. L. M. Doddridge.

The Year crowned with Divine Goodness. Ps. 65.

1 Eternal Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole:
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade.

6 O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more!

541. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Reflections for a New Year. Ps. 90.

1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their rounds!
How short the months appear!

2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done,
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift advancing year,
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart,
Its great concern to see;
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.

5 Thus shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my peaceful soul
To joy that never dies.

542. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

For the Beginning or End of the Year.

1 My helper, God! I bless his name;
The same his power, his grace the same:
The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 I midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by his guardian hand;
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far his arm hath led me on;
Thus far I make his mercy known;
And, while I tread this desert land,
New blessings shall new songs demand.

543. S. M. BEDDOME.

Purposes on Beginning a New Year.

1 My few revolving years,
How swift they glide away!
How short the term of life appears,
When past—but as a day!

2 A dark and cloudy day,
Clouded by grief and sin;
A host of enemies without,
Distressing fears within.

3 Lord, through another year
If thou permit my stay,
With diligence may I pursue
The true and living way!

544. 7s. M. J. NEWTON.

Uncertainty of Life. New Year.

1 See! another year is gone!
Quickly have the seasons past!
This we enter now upon
Will to many prove their last.
Mercy hitherto has spared,
But have mercies been improved?
Let us ask, Am I prepared,
Should I be this year removed?

2 Some we now no longer see,
Who their mortal race have run,
Seemed as fair for life as we,
When the former year begun.

Some—but who God only knows—
Who are here assembled now,
Ere the present year shall close,
To the stroke of death must bow.

3 If from guilt and sin set free
By the knowledge of thy grace,
Welcome, then, the call will be
To depart and see thy face.
To thy saints while here below,
With new years new mercies come;
But the happiest year they know,
Is the last that leads them home.

545. 7s. M. J. Newton.

Swiftness of Time. New Year.

1 While, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here!
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

546. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

For the opening or closing Year.

1 GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand
By which supported, still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own:
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And, peaceful, leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 Though death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

547. C. M. Browne.

Reflections at the Close of the Year.

1 And now, my soul, another year
Of my short life is past:
I cannot long continue here;
And this may be my last.

2 Part of my doubtful life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my fleeting moments run—
The few which yet remain!

3 Awake, my soul! with all thy care
Thy true condition learn;
What are thy hopes—how sure, how fair,
And what thy great concern?

4 Now a new space of life begins,
Set out afresh for heaven:
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
Through Christ, so freely given.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road.
Nor doubt a happy end.

548. 8 & 7s. M. Bp. Horne

Autumn Warnings.

1 See the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:—

2 "Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,
Where, like us, he blighted fell,)
Hear the lesson we are reading;
Mark the awful truth we tell:

3 "Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

4 "What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to autumn place.

5 "Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach this truth concerning,
Heaven and earth shall pass away."

6 On the tree of life eternal,
O let all our hopes be laid:
This alone, forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

549. **C. M.** CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

Thanks for an abundant Harvest.

1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love!
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine:
The plants in beauty grew:
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild, refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

550. L. M. WATTS.

Sickness healed and Sorrow removed. **Ps. 30.**

1 I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high;
At thy command diseases fly:
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is;
Let all your powers rejoice and bless,
While you record his holiness.

3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days:
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

551. L. M. 61. KIPPIS.

Thanksgiving for National Prosperity.

1 How rich thy gifts, almighty King!
From thee our public blessings spring:
The extended trade, the fruitful skies,
The treasures liberty bestows,
The eternal joys the gospel shows,—
All from thy boundless goodness rise.

2 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs.
Here still may God in mercy reign;
Crown our just counsels with success,
With peace and joy our borders bless,
And all our sacred rights maintain.

552. L. M. MRS. STEELE.

Thanksgiving for National Peace. Ps. 46.

1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of thine almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise;
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter dyes the hostile plain;

3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their power;
Thy law the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.

4 Then peace returns with balmy wing;
Sweet peace, with her what blessings fled!
Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.

5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord!
All move subservient to thy will;
Both peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.

6 To thee we pay our grateful songs;
Thy kind protection still implore:
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness, and adore.

553. C. M. Tate & Brady.

God the Deliverer of Nations. Ps. 44.

1 O Lord, our fathers oft have told
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days performed,
And elder times than theirs.

2 'T was not their courage, nor their sword,
To them salvation gave;
Nor strength, that from unequal force
Their fainting troops could save:

3 But thy right hand, and powerful arm,
Whose succor they implored;
Thy presence with the favored race,
Who thy great name adored.

4 As thee their God our fathers owned,
Thou art our sovereign King:
O therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliverance bring.

554. L. M. Aikin.

The Horrors of War.

1 While sounds of war are heard around,
And death and ruin strew the ground;
To thee we look, on thee we call,
The Parent and the Lord of all.

2 Thou, who hast stamped on human kind
The image of a heaven-born mind,
And in a Father's wide embrace
Hast cherished all the kindred race;

3 Great God! whose powerful hand can bind
The raging waves, the furious wind,
O bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the maddening world to peace.

4 With reverence may each hostile land
Hear and obey that high command,
Thy Son's blest errand from above—
"My creatures, live in mutual love!"

555. L. M. Flint.

Remembrance of our Fathers.

1 In pleasant lands have fallen the lines
That bound our goodly heritage,
And safe beneath our sheltering vines
Our youth is blest, and soothed our age.

2 What thanks, O God, to thee are due,
That thou didst plant our fathers here;
And watch and guard them as they grew
A vineyard to the planter dear.

3 The toils they bore, our ease have wrought;
They sowed in tears—in joy we reap;
The birthright they so dearly bought
We'll guard, till we with them shall sleep.

4 Thy kindness to our fathers shown,
In weal and woe through all the past,
Their grateful sons, O God, shall own,
While here their name and race shall last.

556. L. M. Dyer.

Public Humiliation.

1 Great Framer of unnumbered worlds,
And whom unnumbered worlds adore!
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy power:

2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assigned by thee.

3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense, a repentant sigh.

4 O may our land, in this her hour,
Confess thy hand, and bless the rod,
By penitence make thee her friend,
And find in thee a guardian God!

557. 7s. M. 6l. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

For Saturday Evening.

1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek
On the approaching Sabbath day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies multiplied, each hour,
Through the week our praise demand;
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Fed and guided by thy hand.
From our worldly care set free,
May we rest this night with thee.

3 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy pleasure near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in thy house appear;
Blest may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

558. 10s. M. MONTGOMERY.

Death of a Minister in his Prime.

1 Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian cannot die before his time,
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

3 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embraces, ere he rose on high;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

4 Go to the grave:—no, take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

559. **S. M.** MONTGOMERY.

On the Death of an aged Minister.

1 SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

2 The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame—
He fell, but felt no fear.

3 Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

4 The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

5 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

560. 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

Funeral Hymn.

1 CLAY to clay, and dust to dust!
Let them mingle—for they must!
Give to earth the earthly clod,
For the spirit 's fled to God.

2 Never more shall midnight's damp
Darken round this mortal lamp;
Never more shall noonday's glance
Search this mortal countenance.

3 Deep the pit, and cold the bed,
Where the spoils of death are laid:
Stiff the curtains, chill the gloom,
Of man's melancholy tomb.

4 Look aloft! The spirit 's risen—
Death cannot the soul imprison:
'T is in heaven that spirits dwell,
Glorious, though invisible.

5 Thither let us turn our view;
Peace is there, and comfort too:
There shall those we loved be found,
Tracing joy's eternal round.

SUPPLEMENTARY HYMNS,

BY REV. MR. GREENWOOD.

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561. S. P. M. WATTS.

Going to Church. Ps. 122.

1 How pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

562. C. M. Watts.

The Church our Delight and Safety. Ps. 27

1 The Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires;
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

563. L. M. Watts.

God's Condescension to our Worship.

1 Thy favors, Lord, surprise our souls:
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the poles,
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?

2 Great God! what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine;
Words are but air, and tongues but clay.
But thy compassion 's all divine.

564. L. M. Watts.

Grateful and humble Praise.

1 Up to the Lord, who reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

2 God, that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to our earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.

3 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

4 O, could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

565. C. M. Watts.

The Greatness of God. Ps. 145.

1 Long as I live I 'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown;
And let his praise be great;
I 'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

4 The world is managed by thy hands;
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

566. C. M. WATTS.

Psalm before Prayer. Ps. 95.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice:
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord 's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fixed the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

4 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!

567. C. M. CODMAN'S COL.

Blessing of the Lord's Day.

1 BLEST day of God! most calm, most bright!
The first and best of days;
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise.

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
His rising thee did raise,
And made thee heavenly and divine,
Beyond all other days.

3 The first fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they who do the Sabbath love,
A happy week will find.

4 This day I must to God appear,
For, Lord, the day is thine;
Help me to spend it in thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

568. C. M. WATTS.

God holy, just, and sovereign.

1 How should the sons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God!
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 Mountains, by his almighty wrath,
From their old seats are torn;
He shakes the earth from south to north,
And all her pillars mourn.

3 He bids the sun forbear to rise;
The obedient sun forbears!
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.

4 He walks upon the stormy sea;
Flies on the stormy wind;
There 's none can trace his wondrous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.

569. L. M. 6l. EPISCOPAL COL.

The Soul panting for God. Ps. 42.

1 As, panting in the sultry beam,
The hart desires the cooling stream,
So to thy presence, Lord, I flee,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee;
Athirst to taste thy living grace,
And see thy glory, face to face.

2 But rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll;
For many an evil voice is near,
To chide my woe and mock my fear;
And silent memory weeps alone
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.

3 For I have walked the happy round
That circles Zion's holy ground,
And gladly swelled the choral lays
That hymned my great Creator's praise,
What time the hallowed arches rung
Responsive to the solemn song.

4 Ah, why, by passing clouds oppressed,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?
Turn, turn to Him, in every pain,
Whom suppliants never sought in vain—
Thy strength in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope when joy has passed away.

570. L. M. DRYDEN, altered.

"Creator Spirit, by whose aid."

1 OH! Source of uncreated light!
By whom the worlds were raised from night;
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.

2 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy matchless energy;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.

3 Cleanse and refine our earthly parts,
Inflame and sanctify our hearts,
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul.

4 Thrice holy Fount! thrice holy Fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Make us eternal truths receive,
Aid us to live as we believe.

5 Chase from our path each noxious foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in our way.

571. C. M. Pope.

The Universal Prayer.

1 Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, or by sage,
The universal Lord!

2 Thou great First Cause! least understood,
Who all my sense confined,
To know but this,—that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

3 What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me, more than hell, to shun,
That, more than heaven, pursue.

4 If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

5 Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

6 Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

7 Mean though I am, (not wholly so,
Since quickened by thy breath,)
O, lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

8 This day be bread and peace my lot;
But all beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not;
And let thy will be done.

9 To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise.

572. L. M. 61. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST

Constant Use of God's Word.

1 WHEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy Book be my companion still,
My joy thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heartfelt word be mine.

2 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast,
While, trusting in my gracious Lord,
I sink in peaceful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day!

3 Rising to sing my Father's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart and fill my tongue.
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the church above.

573. C. M. E. H. Sears

Christmas Hymn.

1 Calm on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains!

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems sing—
"Peace to the earth—good will to men,
From heaven's Eternal King!"

6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born!
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

574. 7s. M. Bowring.

For Advent or Christmas.

1*st Voice.* Watchman! tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are.
2*d Voice.* Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star!
1*st Voice.* Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
2*d Voice.* Traveller! yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel!
1*st Voice.* Watchman! }
2*d Voice.* Traveller! } Yes, it brings, &c.

2

1*st Voice.* Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
2*d Voice.* Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
1*st Voice.* Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
2*d Voice.* Traveller! ages are its own:
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.
1*st Voice.* Watchman! }
2*d Voice.* Traveller! } Ages are its own, &c.

3

1*st Voice.* Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
2*d Voice.* Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
1*st Voice.* Watchman! let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home.

2d Voice. Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!
1st Voice. Watchman! } Lo! the Prince of Peace,
2d Voice. Traveller! } &c.

575. L. M. Sir J. E. Smith.

"*Lo, it is I; be not afraid.*"

1 When power divine in mortal form
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents Jesus said,
"Lo, it is I; be not afraid."

2 So when in silence nature sleeps,
And his lone watch the mourner keeps,
One thought shall every pang remove—
Trust, feeble man, thy Maker's love.

3 God calms the tumult and the storm;
He rules the seraph and the worm:
No creature is by him forgot
Of those who know, or know him not.

4 And when the last dread hour shall come,
While shuddering nature waits her doom,
This voice shall wake the pious dead,
"Lo, it is I; be not afraid."

576. C. M. Watts.

Resurrection and Ascension of Christ

1 Hosanna to the Prince of Light,
That clothed himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.

3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

577. L. M. KEBLE.

"Abide with us, for it is towards evening."

1 'T is gone, that bright and orbed blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

2 Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear!
It is not night if thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

578. L. M. WATTS.

Salvation by Christ. PS. 85.

1 SALVATION is forever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Now truth and honor shall abound;
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

3 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps and keep the road.

579. L. M. 61. WESLEY.

Helpless, yet happy.

1 O THOU, whose wise, paternal love
Hath brought my active vigor down,
Thy choice I thankfully approve,
And, prostrate at thy gracious throne,
I offer up my life's remains,
I choose the state my God ordains

2 Cast as a broken vessel by,
Thy will I can no longer do;
Yet while a daily death I die,
Thy power I may in weakness show;
My patience may thy glory raise,
My speechless woe proclaim thy praise.

580. C. M. Watts.

Sick-bed Devotion. Ps. 39.

1 God of my life, look gently down;
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord;
They come at thy command;
I 'll not attempt a murmuring word
Against thy chastening hand.

3 I 'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepared to go,
When I the summons hear.

4 But if my life be spared awhile,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I 'll declare thy love.

581. P. M. Anonymous.

Devotion and Virtue.

1 Save me from my foes,
Shield me, Lord, from harm,
Let me safe repose
On thy mighty arm.
Thou art God alone;
Those who seek thy heavenly face,
Thou wilt bless, and they shall own
Thy matchless grace.

2 Pleasant is the land
Where Jehovah's known,
Where a pious band
Bow before his throne,
Who, with loud acclaim,
Sing his great and wondrous love,
Who ere long shall praise his name
With saints above.

3 Let my faith and love
With my years increase;
Let me never rove
From the paths of peace;
But through life display
Holy deeds and actions pure,
That, when life has passed away,
May bliss be sure.

582. L. M. WATTS.

Man's Mortality and God's Eternity. Ps. 102.

1 It is the Lord our Father's hand
Weakens our strength amidst the race:
Disease and death, at his command,
Arrest us and cut short our days.

2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?

3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrow shall assuage.
"Our Father and our Saviour live;
God is the same through every age."

4 'T was he this earth's foundation laid;
Heaven is the building of his hand;
This earth grows old, these heavens shall fade,
And all be changed at his command.

5 The starry curtains of the sky,
Like garments, shall be laid aside;
But still thy throne stands firm and high;
Thy church forever must abide.

6 Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;
This dying world shall they survive,
And the dead saints be raised again.

583. C. M. WATTS.

Prayer of the Prisoner. Ps. 102.

1 HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
But answer lest I die;
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when sinners cry?

2 As on some lonely building's top,
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope,
I sit and grieve alone.

3 My locks like withered leaves appear;
And life's declining light
Grows faint, as evening shadows are,
That vanish into night.

4 But thou forever art the same,
O my eternal God;
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.

5 Thou wilt arise, and show thy face;
Nor will my Lord delay,
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long-expected day.

6 He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
And, by mysterious ways,
Redeems the prisoners doomed to die,
And fills their tongues with praise.

584. C. M. WATTS.

The Hope of the Aged. Ps. 71.

1 MY GOD, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

2 Still has my life new wonders seen,
Repeated every year:
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

585. 7s. M. POPE.

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper! angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away."
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes; it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

586. P. M. ANONYMOUS.

Morning.

1 FATHER of mercies! when the day is dawning,
Then will I pay my vows to thee;
Like incense wafted on the breath of morning,
My heart-felt praise to Heaven shall be.

2 Yes, thou art near me; sleeping or waking.
Still doth thy care unchanged remain;
If ever I wander, thy ways forsaking,
O lead me gently back again.

587. L. M. NOEL.

Night, on the Sea-side, or at Sea.

1 WHEN restless on my bed I lie,
Still courting sleep, which still will fly,
Then shall reflection's brighter power
Illume the lone and midnight hour.

2 If hushed the breeze, and calm the tide,
Soft will the stream of memory glide;
And all the past, a gentle train,
Waked by remembrance, live again.

3 If loud the wind, the tempest high,
And darkness wraps the sullen sky,
I muse on life's tempestuous sea,
And sigh, O Lord, to come to thee.

4 Tossed on the deep and swelling wave,
O mark my trembling soul, and save;
Give to my mind that harbor near,
Where thou wilt chase each grief and fear.

588. L. M. Bp. Kenn.

Midnight.

1 My God, I now from sleep awake;
The sole possession of me take;
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.

2 Blest angels, while we silent lie,
You hallelujahs sing on high;
You joyful hymn the Ever-blest,
Before the throne, and never rest.

3 I with your choir celestial join,
In offering up a hymn divine;
With you in heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell.

4 O may I always ready stand,
With my lamp burning in my hand;
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 Blest Jesus, thou, on heaven intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent;
But I, frail creature, soon am tired,
And all my zeal is soon expired.

6 Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Fresh ardors kindle in my heart:
One ray of thy all-quickening light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

589. L. M. PIERPONT.

Morning Hymn. For a Child.

1 O GOD, I thank thee that the night
In peace and rest hath passed away;
And that I see, in this fair light,
My Father's smile, that makes it day.

2 Be thou my Guide, and let me live
As under thine all-seeing eye;
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.

590. L. M. PIERPONT.

Evening Hymn. For a Child.

1 ANOTHER day its course hath run,
And still, O God, thy child is blest;
For thou hast been by day my sun,
And thou wilt be by night my rest.

2 Sweet sleep descends, my eyes to close;
And now, when all the world is still,
I give my body to repose,—
My spirit to my Father's will.

591. C. M. Anonymous.

A Child's Prayer.

1 Lord, teach a little child to pray,
And O, accept my prayer!
Thou canst hear all the words I say,
For thou art everywhere.

2 A little sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by thee;
And though I am so young and small,
Thou dost take care of me.

3 Teach me to do whate'er is right,
And when I sin, forgive;
And make it still my chief delight
To love thee while I live.

592. L. M. Anonymous.

Sunday Morning. For a Child.

1 Called by the Sabbath bells away,
Unto thy holy temple, Lord,
I'll go, with willing mind to pray,
To praise thy name, and hear thy word.

2 O sacred day of peace and joy,
Thy hours are ever dear to me;
Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy
The holy calm I find in thee.

3 Dear are thy peaceful hours to me,
For God has given them in his love,
To tell how calm, how blest shall be
The endless day of heaven above.

593. L. M. Anonymous.

Sunday Evening. For a Child.

1 Again we've seen the Sabbath day,
And heard of Jesus and of heaven;
We thank thee, Father, and we pray
That this day's sins may be forgiven.

2 May all we heard and understood
Be well remembered through the week,
And help to make us wise and good,
More humble, diligent and meek.

594. C. M. Montgomery.

What is Prayer?

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

3 The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind;
While, with the Father and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.

4 O thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

595. 8 & 7s. M. C. Wesley.

For Domestic Worship.

1 Peace be to this habitation;
Peace to all that dwell therein;
Peace, the earnest of salvation;
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin;
Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver,
Peace, to worldly minds unknown;
Peace divine, that lasts forever;
Peace, that comes from God alone.

2 Jesus, Prince of Peace, be near us;
Fix in all our hearts thy home;
With thy gracious presence cheer us;
Let thy sacred kingdom come;
Raise to heaven our expectation,
Give our favored souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of bliss above.

596. C. M. Watts.

Pious Education of Children. Ps. 78.

1 Let children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old;
Which, in our younger years, we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known;
His works of power and grace:
And we 'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

597. L. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

Marriage Hymn.

1 How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When nature droops her sickening fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy—because of love.

598. L. M. Watts.

The Hosanna of Children. Ps. 8.

1 Almighty Ruler of the skies,
Through the wide earth thy name is spread;
And thine eternal glories rise
O'er all the heavens thy hands have made.

2 To thee the voices of the young
A monument of honor raise;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

3 Children amidst thy temples throng
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The Son of David is their song,
And young hosannas fill the place.

599. P. M. H. Ware, Jun.

Prayer at Morning and Evening.

1 To prayer, to prayer! for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smiles awakes.
His light is on all below and above—
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
O, then, on the breath of this early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

2 To prayer! for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on.
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian
of night.

600. C. M. 61. Conder.

On the Sea Shore.

1 Beyond, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Farther than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high;
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That thou, my God, art nigh.

2 We hear thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air;
The waves obey thy dread control;
Yet still thou art not there.
Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
Who yet is everywhere?

3 O, not in circling depth, or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There does his spirit rest.
O come, thou Presence Infinite,
And make thy creature blest.

601. L. M. BOWRING.

Sleep.

1 REVIVING sleep! thy sheltering wing
Is o'er the couch of labor spread;
Sweet minister, unearthly thing,
That hovers round the tired one's head.

2 As calm and cold as mortal clay
When life is fled, earth soundly sleeps,
When evening veils the eye of day,
And darkness rules the ocean deeps.

3 O, then, thy spirit, Lord, anew
Enkindles strength in sleeping men;
It falls as falls the evening dew,
And life's sad waste repairs again.

4 Be nature's gentle slumbers mine;
And lead me gently to the last;
Until I hear thy voice divine,
"Awake! for death's dark night is passed"

602. L. M. Watts.

At a Funeral.

1 Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in thy dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch its soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed;
Then rest, dear saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word!
Restore thy trust! the glorious form
Shall then arise, to meet the Lord.

603. P. M. Milman.

At a Funeral.

1 Brother, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown:
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

2 Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail:
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

3 "Earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"
The solemn priest hath said;
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed:
But thy spirit, brother! soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

604. L. M. Sir Walter Scott.

The Last Day.

1 That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!—

3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away

605. 7s. M. Willard's Col

Peacemakers are Children of God.

1 Lo, they come from east and west;
Come to enjoy the heavenly rest:
North and south, in bliss complete,
Round the eternal altar meet.

2 Countless host! how great! how blest!
Wondrous joy, and peace, and rest!
What shall fit us, Lord, for this?
Fit our souls for heavenly bliss?

3 Peace on earth, and peace alone;
Peace, which makes all churches one;
Peace, the fruit of Christian love,
Fits the soul for peace above.

606. C. M. Watts.

Death of Kindred improved.

1 Must friends and kindred drop and die?
Must helpers be withdrawn?
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,
Counts up our comforts gone?

2 Be thou our comfort, mighty God,
Our helper and our friend;
Nor leave us, in this dangerous road,
Till all our trials end.

3 O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led!
While love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.

4 Let us be weaned from all below;
Let hope our grief dispel;
Death will invite our souls to go
Where our best kindred dwell.

607. C. M. COWPER.

Walking with God.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

5 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

608. C. M. Watts.

Victory over Death.

1 O for an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster Death,
And all his frightful powers!

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted victory, grave?
And where the monster's sting?"

3 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

609. 8 & 7s. M. Bickersteth.

Closing Hymn.

1 Israel's Shepherd, guide me, feed me,
Through my pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead me,
Where thy flock rejoicing go.

2 Lord, thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly kneeling, I implore;
I have found thee, and would never,
Never wander from thee more

SUPPLEMENTARY HYMNS,

ADDED BY REV. R. C. WATERSTON.

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610. C. M. CHAPEL HYMNS.

Supplication.

1 BE thou, O God, by night, by day,
My Guide, my Guard from sin,
My Life, my Trust, my Light Divine,
To keep me pure within ;—

2 Pure as the air, when day's first light
A cloudless sky illumes,
And active as the lark, that soars
Till heaven shines round its plumes.

3 So may my soul, upon the wings
Of faith, unwearied rise,
Till at the gate of heaven it sings,
Midst light from paradise.

611. L. M. GILMAN.

The Sabbath.

1 WE bless thee for this sacred day,
Thou who hast every blessing given,
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.

2 Lord, may thy truth upon the heart
Now fall, and dwell as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start,
Where once the weeds of error grew.

3 We would our prayers with fervor bring,
And lay them at thy sacred throne,
And render praise, O, Heavenly King,
To thee, who praise canst claim alone.

612. L. M. H. Ware, Jr.

The Truth as it is in Jesus.

1 Great God, the followers of thy Son,
We bow before thy mercy-seat,
To worship thee, the Holy One,
And pour our wishes at thy feet.

2 O, grant thy blessing here to-day!
O, give thy people joy and peace!
The tokens of thy love display,
And favor that shall never cease.

3 We seek the truth that Jesus brought;
His path of light we long to tread;
Here be his holy doctrines taught,
And here their purest influence shed.

4 May faith and hope and love abound;
Our sins and errors be forgiven;
And we, in thy great day, be found
Children of God, and heirs of heaven.

613. L. M. WATERSTON.

Supplication.

1 O, LORD of Life! to thee we pray,
Send down thy spirit from above,
And fill, great Fount of truth! this day
Each mind with light, each heart with love.

2 Here may a grateful people bow
To thee who spake and it was done,
And here be ever loved as now,
Thy living word, thy loving Son.

3 This hallowed church, long may it stand
The hope of Age, the joy of Youth,
A sacred watch-tower in the land,
A mighty battlement of Truth!

4 Thy suppliant children wilt thou bless,
Conform our wills unto thy own,
Give to thy glorious word success,
And raise within each soul thy throne!

614. 8 & 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

Sabbath Morning.

1 WELCOME, welcome, quiet morning,
Welcome is this holy day;
Now the Sabbath morn returning,
Says a week has passed away.
Let me think how time is passing,
Soon the longest life departs,
Nothing human is abiding,
Save the love of humble hearts.

2 Love to God, and to our neighbor,
Makes our purest happiness;
Vain the wish, the care, the labor,
Earth's poor trifles to possess.
Swift my life's vain dreams are passing,
Like the startled dove they fly;
Or the clouds each other chasing,
Over yonder quiet sky.

3 Father, now one prayer I raise thee;
Give an humble, grateful heart;
Never let me cease to praise thee,
Never from thy fear depart;
Then, when years have gathered o'er me,
And the world is sunk in shade,
Heaven's bright realm will rise before me;
There my treasure will be laid.

615. 7s. M. St. Gregory.

A Blessing Implored.

1 Source of light and life divine!
Thou didst cause the light to shine;
Thou didst bring thy sunbeams forth
O'er thy new-created earth.

2 May we ne'er, by guilt depressed,
Lose the way to endless rest;
May no thoughts, corrupt and vain,
Draw our souls to earth again.

3 Rather lift them to the skies,
Where our much-loved treasure lies;
Help us in our daily strife,
Make us struggle into life.

616. L. M. PIERPONT.

Universal Worship.

1 O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue!

2 Not now on Zion's height alone,
Thy favored worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat, weary, by the patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 O, Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet-bards was strung,
To thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

617. L. M. OBERLIN.

Looking to God.

1 O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy:
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit rest with thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.

618. L. M. BOWRING.

God is Everywhere.

1 FATHER and Friend! thy light, thy love,
Beaming through all thy works, we see;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of thee.

2 Thy voice we hear—thy presence feel,
Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds, invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

3 We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens thy throne may be;
But *this* we know, that where thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness dwell with thee.

4 And through the various maze of time,
And through th' infinity of space,
We follow thy career sublime,
And all thy wondrous footsteps trace.

5 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought,—
Since thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where thou art not.

619. C. M. H. Ware, Jr.

Invoking God's Aid.

1 Father in heaven, to thee my heart
Would lift itself in prayer;
Drive from my soul each earthly thought,
And show thy presence there.

2 Each moment of my life renews
The mercies of my Lord;
Each moment is itself a gift
To bear me on to God.

3 O, help me break the galling chains
This world has round me thrown;
Each passion of my heart subdue,
Each darling sin disown.

4 O Father, kindle in my breast
A never-dying flame
Of holy love, of grateful trust
In thine almighty name.

620. L. M. Rippon's Coll.

The Love and Forgiveness of God Imitated.

1 Great Author of the immortal mind!
For noble thoughts and views designed,
Make me ambitious to express
The image of thy holiness.

2 While I thy boundless love admire,
Grant me to catch the sacred fire!
Thus shall my heavenly birth be known
And for thy child thou wilt me own.

3 Father, I see thy sun arise,
To cheer thy friends and enemies;
And when thy rain from heaven descends,
Thy bounty both alike befriends.

4 Enlarge my soul with love like thine;
My moral powers by grace refine;
So shall I feel another's woe,
And cheerful feed a hungry foe.

5 I hope for pardon, through thy Son,
For all the sins which I have done;
O, may the grace which pardons me,
Constrain me to forgive like thee!

621. S. M. STEELE.

God our Father.

1 My Father! cheering name!
O may I call thee mine?
Give me the humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

2 This can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly:
What real harm can reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy will denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just and good and wise:
O bend my will to thine!

4 Whate'er thy will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
Still let me know a Father reigns,
And trust a Father's care.

5 Thy ways are little known
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

6 My Father! blissful name!
Above expression dear!
If thou accept my humble claim,
I bid adieu to fear.

622. C. M. BERRIDGE.

Blessings of Providence and Redemption.

1 THY goodness, Lord! our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.

2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love declare
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vine,
With strength'ning grain the fields.

4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord!
Is in the gospel seen;
There, like the sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

623. L. M. Mrs. Steele

Light and Comfort from the Scriptures.

1 To God, its source, my soul aspires;
Come, Lord, and fill my vast desires:
Be thou my portion; here I rest,
Since of my utmost wish possessed.

2 O! let thy sacred word impart
Its quickening influence to my heart;
With power and light, and love divine,
Assure my soul that thou art mine.

3 The blissful word, with joy replete,
Shall bid my gloomy fears retreat;
And heaven-born hope, serenely bright,
Shine cheerful through this mortal night.

4 Then shall my joyful spirit rise
On wings of faith above the skies;
And when these transient scenes are o'er
And this vain world shall tempt no more;

5 O, may I reach the blissful plains,
Where thy unclouded glory reigns;
And dwell forever near thy throne,
In joys to mortal thought unknown.

624. C. M. Anonymous.

The Bible.

1 Lamp of our feet! whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace!
Brook by the traveller's way!

2 Bread of our souls! whereon we feed;
  True manna from on high!
Our guide and chart! wherein we read
  Of realms beyond the sky!

3 Our shield and buckler in the fight!
  Victory's triumphant palm!
Comfort in grief! in weakness might!
  In sickness, Gilead's balm!

4 Childhood's preceptor! manhood's trust!
  Old age's firm ally!
Our hope,—when we go down to dust—
  Our immortality!

5 Word of the ever-living God!
  Will of his glorious Son!
Without Thee how could earth be trod,
  Or heaven itself be won?

625. L. M. Bowring.

Progress of Gospel Truth.

1 Upon the Gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar,
And as it soars, the Gospel light
Adds to its influence more and more.

3 Truth, strengthened by the strength of thought,
Pours inexhaustible supplies,
Whence sagest teachers may be taught,
And Wisdom's self become more wise.

4 More glorious still as centuries roll,
New regions blessed, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its waters shall o'erflow the world;—

5 Flow to restore,—but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps each lingering mist away.

626. 8 & 7s. M. WATERSTON.

"*As for the truth, it endureth and is always strong.*"

1 THEORIES, which thousands cherish,
Pass like clouds that sweep the sky;
Creeds and dogmas all may perish;
Truth herself can never die.

2 From the glorious heavens above her,
She has shed her beams abroad,
That the souls who truly love her,
May become the sons of God.

3 Worldlings blindly may refuse her,
Close their eyes and call it night;
Learned scoffers may abuse her,
But they cannot quench her light!

4 Thrones may totter, empires crumble,
All their glories cease to be;
While she, Christ-like, crowns the humble
And from bondage sets them free.

5 God himself will e'er defend her
From the fury of her foe,
Till she in her native splendor,
Sits enthroned o'er all below.

627. 6s. M. Luther.

The Death of Martyrs.

1 Flung to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
Their ashes shall be watched,
And gathered at the last;
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.

2 The Father hath received
Their latest living breath;
Yet vain is Satan's boast,
Of victory in their death:
Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim
To many a wakening land
The one availing name.

628. 7 & 6s. M. Anonymous.

The morning light is breaking.

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to Heaven going,
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home,
Stay not, till all the holy,
Proclaim the Lord has come.

629. 7s. M. WATERSTON.

Nature and the Soul.

1 In each breeze that wanders free,
And each flower that gems the sod,
Living souls may hear and see,
Freshly uttered words from God!

2 Had we but a searching mind,
Seeking good where'er it springs,
We should then true wisdom find,
Hidden in familiar things!

3 God is present, and doth shine
Through each scene beneath the sky,
Kindling, with a light divine,
Every form that meets the eye

4 Nature with eternal youth
Ever bursts upon the sight,
All her works are types of truth!
Mirrors of celestial light!

5 But the soul, when veiled in sin,
And eclipsed with fear and doubt,
From the darkened world within
Throws its shade on that without.

6 While to those, who, pure in heart,
For the Truth their powers employ,
She will constant good impart,
And diffuse perpetual joy.

7 If the mind would Nature see,
Let her cherish Virtue more;
Goodness bears the golden key
That unlocks her palace door!

630. C. M. NEWTON.

"*Unto you who believe he is precious.*"

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
It calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And, to the weary, rest.

3 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

4 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

631. C. P. M. Roscoe.

The Saviour's Mission.

1 O, LET your mingling voices rise,
In grateful rapture, to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth;
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all-triumphant came,
To bless the sons of earth.

2 He came to bid the weary rest,
To heal the sinner's wounded breast,
To bind the broken heart;
To spread the light of truth around,
And to the world's remotest bound
The heavenly gift impart.

3 He came our trembling souls to save
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
And chase our fears away;
Victorious over death and time,
To lead us to a happier clime,
Where reigns eternal day.

4 Then let our mingling voices rise
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth;
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all-triumphant came,
To bless the sons of earth.

632. C. M. Watts.

The Example of Christ and the Saints.

1 Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above — how great their joy,
And bright their glories be!

2 Once they were mourners here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his example given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

633. 7s. M. Cowper.

"*Lovest thou me?*" John xxi. 16.

1 Hark, my soul; it is the Lord;
'T is thy Saviour; hear his word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,--
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right;
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;—
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

634. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Love to Christ.

1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Is not thy name melodious still
To my attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Hast thou a lamb, in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

4 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But, O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

635. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Poor Way-faring Man.

1 A POOR way-faring man of grief,
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer nay;
I had no power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye,
That won my love, I knew not why.

2 Once when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered,—not a word he spake,—
Just perishing for want of bread.
I gave him all; He blessed, and brake,
And ate, but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then,—
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

3 I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock,—his strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked his thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran and raised the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup
Dipped, and returned it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

4 Then, in a moment, to my view
The stranger started from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew,—
My SAVIOUR stood before my eyes!

He spake, and my poor name he named:
"Of me thou has not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be,
Fear not, thou didst it unto me."

636. L. M. BACHE.

"*See how he loved.*"

1 "SEE how he loved!" exclaimed the Jews,
As tender tears from Jesus fell;
My grateful heart the thought pursues,
And on the theme delights to dwell.

2 See how he loved,—who travelled on,
Teaching the doctrine from the skies;
Who bade disease and pain be gone,
And called the sleeping dead to rise.

3 See how he loved,—who, firm, yet mild,
Patient, endured the scoffing tongue;
Though oft provoked, he ne'er reviled,
Or did his greatest foe a wrong.

4 See how he loved,—who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death;
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath.

5 Such love can we, unmoved, survey?
O, may our breasts with ardor glow,
To tread his steps, his laws obey,
And thus our warm affections show!

637. L. M. STENNETT.

"It is finished."

1 "'T is finished!" so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head, and died:
"'T is finished!" yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 "'T is finished!" all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old;
And truths are opened to our view,
That kings and prophets never knew.

3 "'T is finished!" Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.

638. 7s. M. CRABBE

The Christian Pilgrim.

1 PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate;
There, till Mercy speaks within,
Knock and weep, and watch and wait
Knock—he knows the sinner's cry,
Weep—he loves the mourner's tears,
Watch—for saving grace is nigh,
Wait—till heavenly grace appears.

2 Hark; it is the Saviour's voice,
"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest,"
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe and owned, and bought and blessed,

Safe—from all the lures of vice,
Own'd—by joys the contrite know,
Bought—by love, and life the price,
Blest—the mighty debt to owe.

3 Holy pilgrim, what for thee
In a world like this remains?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear and shame, and doubt and pains;
Fear—the hope of heaven shall flee,
Shame—from glory's view retire,
Doubt—in full belief shall die,
Pain—in endless bliss expire.

639. C. M. DUNCAN.

The Glorification of Christ.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him—Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him—Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him—Lord of all.

4 O! that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him—Lord of all.

640. 8 & 7s. M. Bowring.

The Cross of Christ.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

641. 7s. M. Gibbons

"*The Lord is risen.*"

1 Angels! roll the stone away!
Death, yield up thy mighty prey!
See!—he rises from the tomb,
Rises with immortal bloom.

2 'T is the Saviour—angels, raise
Your triumphant shouts of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Heaven unfolds its portals wide;
Gracious Conqueror! through them ride;
King of Glory! mount thy throne;
Boundless empire is thine own.

4 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Praise him in the noblest songs,
Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

642. P. M. H. Ware, Jr.

Resurrection of Christ.

1 Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die;
Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save:
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,—
The Saviour hath risen and man cannot die.

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy,
The being he gave us death cannot destroy:
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;

But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend:
Lift then your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

643. C. M. PARADISE ST. COLL.

Reflections on the Death of Jesus.

1 WITH warm affections let us view,
With pious grief improve,
The solemn and impressive scene
Of Jesus' dying love.

2 Not all the malice of his foes
His pity could subdue;—
"Forgive them, Father!" he exclaimed;
"They know not what they do."

3 O, what a love was here displayed,
Beyond our utmost thought!
How pure the lessons, how sublime,
In life and death he taught!

4 Let not his sacred truths by us
Be lost or misapplied;
Nor let our thoughtless hearts forget
That 't was for us he died.

644. C. M. NOEL.

Remembering Christ.

1 IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;—
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel that friends are nigh;—

2 O, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him, who died, our fears to quell,
And save from sin and woe?

3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed!—
"Meet and remember me."

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
The griefs which thou didst bear!
O, memory, leave no other name
But His, recorded there!

645. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

Coming to the Lord's Supper.

1 LET vain pursuits and vain desires
Be banished from the heart,
The Saviour's love fill every breast,
And light and life impart.

2 He knew how frail our nature is,
Our souls how apt to stray;
How much we need his gracious help
To keep us in the way!

3 These faithful pledges of his love
His mercy did ordain,
To bring refreshment to our souls,
And faith and hope sustain.

4 Since such his condescending grace,
Let us with hearts sincere,
Obedient to his holy will,
His table now draw near

5 And while we join to celebrate
The sufferings of our Lord,
May we perceive new grace and power
T' obey his holy word.

646. S. M. FURNESS.

A Communion Hymn.

1 O, FOR a prophet's fire,
O, for an angel's tongue,
To speak the mighty love of him
Who on the cross was hung!

2 In vain our hearts attempt,
In language meet, to tell
How through a thousand sorrows burned
That flame unquenchable.

3 Yet would we praise that love
Beyond expression dear:
Come, gather round his table, then,
And celebrate it here.

4 These symbols of his death,
O, with what power they speak!
Prophetic lips and angels' lyres
Compared with these, are weak.

5 And shall they plead in vain
With our forgetful souls?
Forbid it, God, while through our veins
The vital current rolls.

647. S. M. English Baptist Coll.

Obeying Christ.

1 Here, Saviour, we would come,
In thine appointed way;
Obedient to thy high commands,
Our solemn vows we pay.

2 O, bless this sacred rite,
To bring us near to thee;
And may we find that as our day
Our strength shall also be.

648. C. M. Greenwood.

The Table of the Lord.

1 Now I approach thy table, Lord,
With reverent joy and love;
I call to mind my Saviour's word,
And will obedient prove.

2 O, shall I not remember one,
Who bled and died for me?
Nor think on all that he has done,
To make me pure and free.

3 Yea, I'll remember him and strive
To love him more and more;
So that I may with Jesus live,
When this short life is o'er

649. S. M. Watts.

Grateful Remembrance of Christ.

1 Jesus, the Friend of man,
Invites us to his board;
The welcome summons we obey,
And own our gracious Lord.

2 Here we show forth his love,
Which spake in every breath,
Prompted each action of his life,
And triumphed in his death.

3 Here let our powers unite
His honored name to raise;
Let grateful joy fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

4 One faith, one hope, one Lord,
One God alone we know;
Brethren we are; let every heart
With kind affection glow.

5 Warmed with our Master's love,
And thy unmeasured grace,
Lord! let our thankful hearts expand,
And all mankind embrace.

650. 7s. M. Bowring.

Communion Hymn.

1 Not with terror do we meet
At the board by Jesus spread;
Not in mystery drink and eat
Of the Saviour's wine and bread.

2 'T is his memory we record,
'T is his virtues we proclaim;
Grateful to our honored Lord,
Here we bless his sacred name.

3 See him, on the dreadful day
Of his mortal agony,
Break the bread, and hear him say,
"Eat of this, and think of me!"

4 See him standing on the brink
Of the tomb, and hark, he cries,
"Take the cup, and as ye drink,
O, remember him who dies!"

5 Yes, we will remember thee,
Friend and Saviour; and thy feast
Of all services shall be
Holiest and welcomest.

651. 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

A Communion Hymn.

1 AT thy table, Lord of life,
May our souls find peace and rest;
On the Saviour may we lean,
Safe repose upon his breast.

2 He invites us to this feast;
He hath said, "Remember me;"
May we come with trustful hearts,
Hearts devoted, Lord, to thee.

3 May thy grace our souls awake—
Make them glow with holy love;—
While we take the bread and cup,
Set our hearts on things above

4 Like the Saviour, may we be,
Always doing, Lord, thy will;—
Let it be our chief concern
Thy good pleasure to fulfil.

652. L. M. DUBLIN COLL.

The Lord's Supper.

1 "EAT, drink in memory of your Friend!"
Such was our Master's last request;
Who all the pangs of death endured,
That we might live forever blest.

2 Yes, we 'll record thy matchless love,
Thou dearest, tenderest, best of friends!
Thy dying love the noblest praise
Of long eternity transcends.

3 'T is pleasure more than earth can give
Thy goodness through these veils to see;
Thy table food celestial yields,
And happy they who sit with thee!

653. S. M. FURNESS.

A Communion Hymn.

1 HERE, in the broken bread,
Here, in the cup we take,
His body and his blood behold,
Who suffered for our sake.

2 O Thou, who didst allow
Thy Son to suffer thus,
Father, what more couldst thou have done
Than thou hast done for us?

3 We are persuaded now,
That nothing can divide
Thy children from thy boundless love,
Displayed in him who died;—

4 Who died to make us sure
Of mercy, truth, and peace,
And from the power and pains of sin
To bring a full release.

654. C. M. PRINCE.

Before Communion.

1 How glorious is this holy place,
Where bread of life is given!
This surely is the house of God;
This is the gate of heaven!

2 Jesus, the Master of the feast,
Will grant his presence here;
The cup of blessing passes round,
The pious guests to cheer.

3 Vain thoughts and wrong desires no more
Shall these pure joys molest;
Nor clouds of doubt and fear come o'er
The sunshine of the breast.

4 Here may our grateful hearts be filled
With hope, and joy, and love:
And here may we begin the songs
That we shall sing above.

655. C. M. HARRIS.

Close of Communion.

1 COME, and before we bid adieu,
And the communion end,—
Come, in a hymn the praise renew
Of our exalted Friend.

2 Though in the blissful realms above
His brighter glories shine;
Though there the soul, with purer love,
Shall hail the light divine;

3 Yet there are mild enlivening rays
Diffused around us here;—
And the kind tokens he conveys
Make his remembrance dear.

4 O let us, then, his praise repeat
In our most grateful strains,
Till with his people we shall meet
In glory, where he reigns.

656. 7s. M. ANCIENT HYMNS.

Rejoicing in Christ.

1 SWEET thy memory, Saviour blest,
In the true believer's breast;
Musing on thy precious name,
Purest joys his heart inflame.

2 By the ear or tuneful tongue
Nought so sweet is heard or sung;
Nought the mind can dwell upon
Sweet as God's beloved Son.

3 Thou the contrite sinner's stay,
Who thy goodness can display?
How, to those who *seek* thee, kind!
What, ah! what, to those who *find?*

4 Tongue can speak not their delight,
Nor can pen of man indite;
None can know, but they who prove,
What it is their Lord to love.

657. C. M. Episcopal Coll.

"*I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life.*"

1 Thou art the Way; by thee alone
From sin and death we flee,
And they who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth; thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou, only, canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell can harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

658. 7s. M. Furness.

Jesus our Leader.

1 Feeble, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live and learn to die?
Who, O God, my guide shall be?
Who shall lead thy child to thee?

2 Blessed Father, gracious One,
Thou hast sent thy holy Son;
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps will lead.

3 Through this world, uncertain, dim,
Let me ever lean on him;
From his precepts wisdom draw,
Make his life my solemn law.

4 Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
Led by Jesus Christ, the Lord,
In my weakness thus shall I
Learn to live and learn to die.

5 Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above;—
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling thee, my Father, near.

659. 7s. M. Methodist Coll.

Following Christ.

1 When, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee?
Poor and low in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise!

2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below;
Only guided by thy light;
Only mighty in thy might!

3 So may I thy Spirit know,
Let it as it listeth blow:
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one.

4 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

660. S. M. WESLEYAN.

For a holy heart.

1 GREAT Source of life and light,
Thy heavenly grace impart,
And by thy holy spirit write
Thy law upon my heart;
My soul would cleave to thee;
Let nought my purpose move;
O, let my faith more steadfast be,
And more intense my love!

2 Long as my trials last,
Long as the cross I bear,
O, let my soul on thee be cast
In confidence and prayer!
Conduct me to the shore
Of everlasting peace,
Where storm and tempest rise no more,
Where sin and sorrow cease.

661. S. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.

Ark of safety.

1 O, CEASE, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God;
Behold the open door;
O, haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

662. C. M. HAWLEY.

The Hope, the Star, the Voice.

1 THERE is a hope, a blessed hope,
More precious and more bright
Than all the joyless mockery
The world esteems delight.

2 There is a star, a lovely star,
That lights the darkest gloom,
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er
The prospects of the tomb.

3 There is a voice, a cheering voice,
That lifts the soul above,
Dispels the painful, anxious doubt,
And whispers, "God is love."

4 That voice, aloud from Calvary's height,
Proclaims the soul forgiven;
That star, is revelation's light,
That hope, the hope of heaven.

663. 8 & 7s. M. MONTGOMERY.

Joyful Hope.

1 KNOW, my soul! thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do, or bear;
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee;—
Child of heaven! canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed with faith, and winged with prayer;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall cease thine earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

664. C. M. J. Q. ADAMS.

Swiftness of Time.

1 How swift, alas! the moments fly!
How rush the years along!
Scarce here, yet gone already by,—
The burden of a song.

2 See childhood, youth, and manhood pass,
And age, with furrowed brow;
Time was,—time shall be,—but, alas!
Where, where, in time, is NOW?

3 Time is the measure but of change;
No present hour is found;
The past, the future, fill the range
Of time's unceasing round.

4 Then, pilgrim, let thy joys and fears
On time no longer lean;
But henceforth all thy hopes and fears
From earth's affection wean.

5 To God let grateful accents rise;
With truth, with virtue live;
So all the bliss that time denies,
Eternity shall give.

665. C. M. EXETER COLL.

"*Give an account of thy stewardship.*"

1 THE time draws near when every soul
Its last account shall give;
When its whole life shall be surveyed
By him who bade it live.

2 How many talents, O my God,
Hast thou bestowed on me!
And yet how few can there be found
Devoted, Lord, to thee!

3 My health, my time, my worldly store,
And thy more precious word,
Thy talents are, for which I must
Account to thee, my Lord.

4 Much of my time, alas, is lost,
And much have I misspent:
How careless of my great concern,
On trifles how intent!

5 O may the slothful servant's doom
My earnest care excite;
Each talent may I well improve,
And in thy word delight.

666. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Religion the one thing needful.

1 WHY do we waste in trifling cares
The lives divine compassion spares,
While, thro' the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Our Father calls us from above;
Our Saviour pleads his dying love;
Awakened conscience gives us pain:
Shall all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so our dying eyes will view
The objects which we now pursue;
Not so eternity appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Then wake, my soul; thy way prepare,
And lose in this each meaner care;
With steady step that path be trod,
Which through the grave conducts to God.

667. C. P. M. H. Moore.

Pardon.

1 Soft are the fruitful showers that bring
The welcome promise of the spring,
And soft the vernal gale:
Sweet the wild warblings of the grove,
The voice of nature and of love,
That gladden every vale.

2 But softer in the mourner's ear
Sounds the mild voice of Mercy near,
That whispers sins forgiven;
And sweeter far the music swells,
When, to the raptured soul, she tells
Of peace and promised heaven.

3 Fair are the flowers that deck the ground;
And groves and gardens, blooming round,
Unnumbered charms unfold:
Bright is the sun's meridian ray,
And bright the beams of setting day,
That robe the clouds in gold.

4 But far more fair the pious breast,
In richer robes of goodness dressed,
Where heaven's own graces shine;
And brighter far the prospects rise,
That burst on Faith's delighted eyes,
From glories all divine.

668. S. M. Jervis.

Peace to the returning penitent.

1 Sweet is the friendly voice
Which speaks of life and peace,
Which bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.

2 No balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart:
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.

3 Still merciful and kind,
Thy mercy, Lord! reveal:
The broken heart thy love can bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 Thy presence shall restore
Peace to my anxious breast:
Lord, let my steps be drawn no more
From paths which thou hast blest

669. 11s. M.

"*Learn of me, and ye shall find rest.*"

1 How gracious the promise, how soothing the word,
That came from the lips of our merciful Lord;—
"Ye lone and ye weary, ye sad and oppressed,
Come learn of your Saviour, and ye shall find rest."

2 Ye heart-stricken sons, and ye daughters of woe,
For you the fresh fountains of comfort o'erflow;
Your souls to the blessed Redeemer unite;—
His yoke it is easy, his burthen is light.

3 And ye that have sinned and have wandered astray,
Come, walk in the light, and the truth, and the way;
Ye proud, from the paths of ambition depart;
For meek was your Master, and lowly of heart.

4 Now thanks be to him who hath given us light,
The way of the Christian is easy and bright;
And humbly, when touched by the chastening rod,
He bows to the will of his Father and God.

670. L. M. Exeter Coll.

Prayer for Steadfastness and Watchfulness.

1 Great God! our Father and our Friend,
On whom we cast our constant care,
On whom for all things we depend,
To thee we raise our humble prayer.

2 Endue us with a holy fear;
The frailty of our hearts reveal;
Sin and its snares are always near—
Thee we may always nearer feel.

3 O! that to thee each constant mind
May with a steadfast love aspire;
And each the earliest motions find,
And check the rise of wrong desire.

4 O! that our watchful souls may fly
The first perceived approach of sin,—
Look up to thee, when danger's nigh,
And feel thy fear control within!

5 Search, gracious God! each inmost heart;
From guilt and error set us free,
Thy light, and truth, and peace impart,
And guide us safe to heaven and thee.

671. 7s. M. Wesley.

Longing to love God.

1 Lord, my God, I long to know,—
Oft it causes anxious thought,—
Do I love thee, Lord, or no?
Am I thine, or am I not?

2 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Any duty give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

3 When I turn mine eyes within,
O, how dark, and vain, and wild!
Prone to unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself thy child?

4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall:
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

5 Could I love the saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love thee, Lord?

6 Father, let me love thee more,
If I love at all, I pray:
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

672. C. M. BARTON.

"*Walk in the Light.*"

1 WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there!

5 Walk in the light! and thine shall be
A path, though thorny,—bright:
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee
And God himself is light!

673. S. M. Mudge.

"*The kingdom of God is within you.*"

1 Lord, let thy kingdom come!
Let thy good Spirit find
A calm abode, a peaceful home,
A temple, in our mind.

2 In us reveal thy laws,
And teach us all thy will,
That we, devoted to thy cause,
Thy pleasure may fulfil.

3 Rule constantly within:
Thy gracious power make known:
Destroy the last remains of sin,
And claim us for thine own.

4 Let peace, and joy, and love,
Be fully, freely, given;
And may our every grace improve,
Till we are fit for heaven.

674. 7 & 8s. M. Bowring.

"*He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely.*"

1 He who walks in virtue's way,
Firm and fearless, walketh surely;
Diligent while yet 't is day,
On he speeds, and speeds securely.

2 Flowers of peace beneath him grow,
Suns of pleasure brighten o'er him;
Memory's joys behind him go,
Hope's sweet angels fly before him.

3 Thus he moves from stage to stage,
Smiles of earth and heaven attending;
Softly sinking down in age,
And through death to God ascending.

675. L. M. COWPER.

The Christian.

1 HONOR and happiness unite
To make the Christian's name a praise;
How fair the scene, how clear the light,
That fills the remnant of his days!

2 A kingly character he bears;
No change his priestly office knows;
Unfading is the crown he wears;
His joys can never reach a close.

3 Adorned with glory from on high,
Salvation shines upon his face;
His robe is of ethereal dye;
His steps are dignity and grace.

4 The noblest creature seen below,
Ordained to fill a throne above,
God gives him all he can bestow—
His kingdom of eternal love.

676. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Earth's broken ties.

1 O WHO in such a world as this
Could bear their lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Unclouded yet remain?

That hope the sovereign Lord has given,
Who reigns above the skies;
Hope that unites our souls to heaven
By faith's endearing ties.

2 Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
Is sent in pitying love
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above.
And every pang that wrings the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a purer rest,
And trust to holier ties.

677. L. M. BRYANT.

"Blessed are they that mourn."

1 DEEM not that they are blest alone,
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
The God, who loves our race, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
And many hours of woe and pain
Are earnests of serener years.

3 O, there are days of hope and rest,
For every dark and troubled night!
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

4 And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier,
Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere,
Will give him to thy arms again.

5 Our Father marks each anguished day,
And numbers every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay,
For all his children suffer here.

678. L. M. 61. H. Ware, Jr.

[Written in sickness, March, 1836.]

Prayer for peace in God.

1 Father, thy gentle chastisement
Falls kindly on my burdened soul;
I see its merciful intent,
To warn me back to thy control;
And pray, that while I kiss the rod,
I may find perfect peace with God.

2 The errors of my heart I know;
I feel my deep infirmities;
For often virtuous feelings glow,
And holy purposes arise,—
But like the morning clouds decay,
As empty, though as fair, as they.

3 Forgive the weakness I deplore;
And let thy peace abound in me;
That I may trust myself no more,
But wholly cast myself on thee:
Oh! let my Father's strength be mine,
And my devoted life be thine.

679. L. M. Bowring.

Light in darkness.

1 If all our hopes and all our fears
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound;
If, travellers through this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond;

2 O, who could check the rising sigh?
What earthly thing could pleasure give?
O, who would venture then to die?—
O, who could then endure to live?

3 And such were life, without the ray
From our divine religion given;
'T is *this* that makes our darkness day;
'T is *this* that makes our earth a heaven.

4 Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom;
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from a world to come.

680. L. M. BEARD'S COLL.

God's care our comfort.

1 OH, sweet it is to know, to feel,
In all our gloom, our wanderings here,
No night of sorrow can conceal
Man from thy notice, from thy care.

2 When disciplined by sore distress,
And led through paths of fear and woe,
Say, dost thou love thy children less?
No! ever gracious Father,—no!

3 No distance can outreach thine eye,
No night obscure thine endless day;
Be this my comfort when I sigh,
Be this my safeguard when I stray

681. 11s. M. FORD.

Through tribulation we enter the kingdom of heaven.

1 THE gloom of the night adds a charm to the morn,
Stern winter the spring in its beauty endears;
And the darker the cloud on which it is drawn,
The brighter by contrast the rainbow appears.

2 So trials and sorrows the Christian prepare
For the rest of the soul that remaineth above,
On earth tribulation awaits him, but there
The smile of a Father's unchangeable love.

682. C. M. FOLLEN.

Resignation.

1 How sweet to be allowed to pray
To God, the Holy One,
With filial love and trust to say,
O God, thy will be done!

2 We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.

3 O, let that will, which gave me breath,
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.

4 O, teach my heart the blessed way
To imitate thy Son!
Teach me, O God, in truth to pray,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

683. L. M. PEABODY.

Heaven.

1 O, WHEN the hours of life are past,
And death's dark shade arrives at last,—
It is not sleep,—it is not rest,—
'Tis glory opening to the blest.

2 Their way to heaven was pure from sin,
And Christ shall there receive them in;
There each shall wear a robe of light,
Like his, divinely fair and bright.

3 There parted hearts again shall meet
In union holy, calm and sweet;
Their grief find rest, and never more
Shall sorrow call them to deplore.

4 There angels will unite their prayers
With spirits bright and blest as theirs,
And light shall glance on every crown,
From suns that never more go down.

5 For there the God of mercy sheds
His purest influence on their heads,
And gilds the spirits round the throne
With glory radiant as his own.

684. C. M. PEABODY.

Peaceful death of the Pious.

1 BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

2 The winds breathe low;—the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree:
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

3 How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed!
'T is like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
So sweet the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last

5 And lo! above the dews of night
The vesper-star appears!
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

6 Night falls,—but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore;
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake to close no more.

685. L. M. NORTON.

Blessedness of the pious dead.

1 O STAY thy tears; for they are blest,
Whose days are past, whose toil is done:
Here midnight care disturbs our rest;
Here sorrow dims the noonday sun.

2 How blest are they whose transient years
Pass like an evening meteor's flight!
Nor dark with guilt, nor dim with tears;
Whose course is short, unclouded, bright.

3 O, cheerless were our lengthened way;
But Heaven's own light dispels the gloom,
Streams downward from eternal day,
And casts a glory round the tomb.

4 O, stay thy tears; the blest above
Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
And sing a song of joy and love;
Then why should anguish reign on earth?

686. 8 & 7s. M. S. F. Smith.

The Departed.

1 Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,—
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our song shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 't is God that hath bereft us:
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee
Where no farewell tear is shed

687. 7s. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Redeemed in Heaven. Rev. vii. 9, &c.

1 WHO are these in bright array,
This exulting, happy throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?—
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And, forever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away their tears.

688. C. M. HOUGHTON.

The Re-union of the Virtuous after Death.

1 BLEST hour when virtuous friends shall meet,
Their earthly sorrows o'er;
And with celestial welcome greet,
On an immortal shore!

2 The parent finds his long-lost child;
Brothers on brothers gaze;
The tear of resignation mild
Is changed to joy and praise.

3 Each tender tie, dissolved with pain,
With endless bliss is crowned;
All that was dead revives again;
All that was lost is found.

4 And while remembrance, lingering still,
Draws joy from sorrowing hours;
New prospects rise, new pleasures fill
The soul's expanding powers.

5 Congenial minds, arrayed in light,
High thoughts shall interchange;
Nor cease with ever-new delight
On wings of love to range.

6 Their Father marks the generous flame,
And looks complacent down;
The smile that owns their filial claim,
Is their immortal crown.

689. S. M. Ancient Hymns.

Thanks for all Saints.

1 For all thy saints, O God,
Who strove in Christ to live,
Who followed him, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For all thy saints, O God,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Christ their great reward,
And strove in him to die.

3 They all, in life and death,
With him, their Lord, in view,
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

4 For this thy name we bless,
And humbly beg that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.

690. C. M. WATTS.

Holy Fortitude.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face,
Must not I stem the flood?
Is this low world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies
The glory shall be thine.

OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

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691. S. M. ANONYMOUS.

Baptism of a Child.

1 To THEE, O God in Heaven,
This little one we bring,
Giving to thee what thou hast given,
Our dearest offering.

2 Into a world of toil
These little feet will roam,
Where sin its purity may soil,
Where care and grief may come.

3 O, then, let thy pure love,
With influence serene,
Come down, like water, from above,
To comfort and make clean.

4 And as this water falls
On this unconscious brow,
Thy Holy Spirit grant, O Lord!
To keep it pure as now.

692. L. M. C. Sprague.

For the Blessing of Schools.

1 O Thou, at whose dread name we bend,
To whom our purest vows we pay,
God over all, in love descend,
And bless the labors of this day.

2 Our fathers here, a pilgrim band,
Fixed the proud empire of the free;
Art moved in gladness o'er the land,
And Faith her altars reared to thee.

3 Here, too, to guard, through every age,
The sacred rights their valor won,
They bade instruction spread her page,
And send down truth from sire to son.

4 Here still, through all succeeding time,
Their stores may truth and learning bring,
And still the anthem-note sublime
To thee from children's children ring.

693. L. M. J. Q. Adams.

Death of Children.

1 Sure, to the mansions of the blest
When infant innocence ascends,
Some angel, brighter than the rest,
The spotless spirit's flight attends.

2 On wings of ecstasy they rise,
Beyond where worlds material roll,
Till some fair sister of the skies
Receives the unpolluted soul.

3 There, at th' Almighty Father's hand,
Nearest the throne of living light,
The choirs of infant seraphs stand,
And dazzling shine, where all are bright.

4 For when the Lord of mortal breath
Decrees his bounty to resume,
And points the silent shaft of death,
Which speeds an infant to the tomb;

5 No passion fierce, no low desire,
Has quenched the radiance of the flame;
Back to its God the living fire
Returns, unsullied, as it came.

694. 8 & 7s. M. WATERSTON.

Death of a Pupil.

1 ONE sweet flower has drooped and faded.
One sweet infant voice has fled,
One fair brow the grave has shaded,
One dear school-mate now is dead.

2 But we feel no thought of sadness,
For our friend is happy now;
She has knelt in soul-felt gladness,
Where the blessed angels bow.

3 She has gone to heaven before us,
But she turns and waves her hand,
Pointing to the glories o'er us,
In that happy spirit-land.

4 May our footsteps never falter
In the path that she has trod;
May we worship at the altar
Of the great and living God.

5 Lord, may angels watch above us,
Keep us all from error free—
May they guard, and guide, and love us,
Till, like her, we go to thee.

695. C. M. HEMANS.

Death of a Pupil.

1 CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footstep trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

2 Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

3 Lone are the paths, and sad the hours,
Since thy meek spirit's gone;
But, O, a brighter home than ours,
In heaven, is now thine own!

696. L. M. 61. H. WARE, JR.

The God of our Fathers.

1 LIKE Israel's hosts to exile driven,
Across the flood the pilgrims fled;
Their hands bore up the ark of Heaven,
And Heaven their trusting footsteps led,
Till on these savage shores they trod,
And won the wilderness for God.

2 Then, when their weary ark found rest,
Another Zion proudly grew;
In more than Judah's glory dressed,
With light that Israel never knew,
From sea to sea her empire spread,
Her temple Heaven, and Christ her head.

3 Then let the grateful church to-day
Its ancient rite with gladness keep;
And still our fathers' God display
His kindness, though the fathers sleep.
O bless, as thou hast blessed the past,
While earth, and time, and heaven shall last.

697. 7s. M. BRYANT.

A blessing invoked on Christian Teachers.

1 MIGHTY One, before whose face
Wisdom had her glorious seat,
When the orbs that people space
Sprang to birth beneath thy feet;

2 Source of truth, whose rays alone
Light the mighty world of mind;
God of love, who from thy throne
Kindly watchest all mankind;

3 Shed on those, who in thy name
Teach the way of truth and right,
Shed that love's undying flame,
Shed that wisdom's guiding light.

698. P. M. H. Ware, Jr.

The Progress of Freedom.

1 Oppression shall not always reign,
There comes a brighter day,
When freedom, burst from every chain,
Shall have triumphant way.
Then right shall over might prevail,
And truth, like hero armed in mail,
The hosts of tyrant wrong assail,
And hold eternal sway.

2 What voice shall bid the progress stay,
Of truth's victorious car?
What arm arrest the growing day,
Or quench the solar star?
What reckless soul, though stout and strong,
Shall dare bring back the ancient wrong,
Oppression's guilty night prolong,
And freedom's morning bar?

3 The hour of triumph comes apace,
The fated, promised hour,
When earth upon a ransomed race
Her bounteous gifts shall shower.
Ring, Liberty, thy glorious bell!
Bid high thy sacred banner swell!
Let trump on trump the triumph tell
Of Heaven's redeeming power.

699. 8 & 7s. M. WATERSTON.

Christian Charity.

1 LORD of all, we bow before thee,
Pouring out our thoughts in song;
May we feel, while we adore thee,
That to thee all things belong;
Every hour thy love attends us,
And amidst each outward ill,
Thou art ready to befriend us,
To protect and guide us still.

2 May we, all these joys possessing,
Think of those who have them not,
And amid each earthly blessing,
Let not others be forgot;
Those are round us bowed in anguish,
Fond hopes crushed, and hearts betrayed,
Who mid want and sickness languish,
Perishing for lack of aid.

3 By the Truth that Jesus taught us,
By the Life that he made sure,
By the Gospel that he brought us,
Let us aid and love the poor;
Let us seek each haunt of sadness,
Where sits famine and despair,
Till each heart is filled with gladness
And each soul is raised in prayer

700. 7s. M. 6l. Anonymous.

Active Benevolence.

1 In the morning sow thy seed,
Nor at eve withhold thy hand;
Who can tell which may succeed,
Or if both alike shall stand,
And a glorious harvest bear
To reward the sower's care?

2 Sow it 'mid the crowded street—
Lanes and alleys, dark and foul,
Where the teeming masses meet—
Each with an immortal soul,
Sunk in deepest moral gloom,
Reckless of the coming doom.

3 Sow it 'mid the haunts of vice—
Scenes of infamy and crime;
Suddenly, may Paradise
Burst, as in the northern clime
Spring, with all its verdant race,
Starts from Winter's cold embrace.

4 Sow it with unsparing hand;
'T is the kingdom's precious seed,
'T is the Master's great command,
And his grace shall crown the deed,
He hath said, the precious grain
Never shall be sown in vain.

701. 6 & 4s. M. Waterston.

For a Religious Festival.

1 Oh, God of Light and Love,
Look from thy throne above

And bliss impart;
While we as brothers meet,
Holding communion sweet,
Make thou our joy complete;
Bind heart to heart.

2 And as the opening Spring
From the brown earth will bring
Flowers into birth:
So may thy truth be heard,
So by thy glorious word
May every soul be stirred,
O'er all the earth.

3 God bless the Christian band
Who, through our wide-spread land,
Go forth in might;
Where western rivers blend,
Where ancient forests bend,
May they the Truth defend,
And scatter light.

4 And o'er the ocean wide,
Of the Atlantic tide,
Bless those we love;
Touch them with holy flame,
As, in Jehovah's name,
They to the world proclaim
Truth from above.

5 Great God, with heavenly power,
Fill thou this festal hour;
Make us as one;
May we united be,—
Keep us from error free,—
True to thy Word and Thee,—
True to thy Son

702. C. M. FROTHINGHAM.

Christ and the Church.

1 O LORD of life, and truth, and grace,
Ere nature was begun!
Make welcome to our erring race
Thy Spirit and thy Son.

2 We hail the church, built high o'er all
The heathens' rage and scoff;
Thy Providence its fenced wall,—
"The Lamb the light thereof."

3 Thy Christ hath reached his heavenly seat,
Through sorrows and through scars;
The golden lamps are at his feet,
And in his hand the stars.*

4 O, may he walk among us here,
With his rebuke and love,—
A brightness o'er this lower sphere,
A ray from worlds above.

703. C. M. BRYANT.

Dedication Hymn.

1 O THOU, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth, without end
Securely by thy side.

* Rev. ii. 1.

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way,
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

704. L. M. WATERSTON.

Ordination Hymn.

1 GREAT Source of good; our God and Friend!
Fountain of life and light divine!
Here thy adoring children bend,
And pray to be forever thine.

2 Bless thou the work we here begin;—
Bless him who now is set apart;
That, moved by faith lost souls to win,
Thy holy truth he may impart.

3 Long may thy blessings crown, O God,
This servant of the Prince of Peace;
Here may he spread heaven's light abroad,
Bid knowledge reign, and faith increase.

4 Wisdom to us and virtue give,
And, by thy Spirit, lead us still
With thee to walk, for thee to live,
To love thy word, and do thy will.

5 And when our mission here is o'er,
O, take us to thyself in love,
To know thee better, serve thee more,
And dwell with Christ, in worlds above.

EVENING WORSHIP.

705. L. M. Bowring.

Introduction to Evening Worship.

1 How shall we praise thee, Lord of light?
How all thy boundless love declare?
The earth is veiled in shades of night,
But heaven is open to our prayer,—
That heaven, so bright with stars and suns,—
That glorious heaven which has no bound,
Where the full tide of being runs,—
And life and beauty glow around.

2 We would adore thee, God sublime,
Whose power and wisdom, love and grace,
Are greater than the round of time,
And wider than the bounds of space;
O, how shall thought expression find,
All lost in thine immensity!
How shall we seek thee, glorious Mind,
Amid thy dread infinity!

3 But thou art present with us here,
As in thy glittering, high domain;
And grateful hearts and humble fear
Can never seek thy face in vain:
Help us to praise thee, Lord of light;
Help us thy boundless love declare;
And, while we crowd thy courts to-night,
Aid us, and hearken to our prayer.

706. L. M. COLLYER.

An Evening Hymn.

1 ANOTHER fleeting day is gone!
Slow o'er the west the shadows rise,
Swift the soft stealing hours have flown,
And night's dark mantle veils the skies.

2 Another fleeting day is gone!
Swept from the records of the year;
And still, with every setting sun,
Life's fading visions disappear.

3 Another fleeting day is gone!
But soon a fairer shall arise;—
A day, whose never-setting sun
Shall pour its light o'er cloudless skies.

4 Another fleeting day is gone!
In solemn silence rest, my soul,
And bow before His awful throne,
Who bids the morn and evening roll.

707. 7s. M. EPISCOPAL COLL.

Evening Devotion.

1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee!

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 When, from us, the light of day
Shall on earth have passed away,
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

708. C. M. Brown.

Evening Meditation.

1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

3 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

4 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

709. C. M. Ancient Hymns.

Social Evening Worship.

1 O 'tis a scene the heart to move,
When, at the close of day,
Whom God unites in Christian love,
Unite their thanks to pay.

2 What though the number be but small?
Wherever two or three
Join on the Saviour's name to call,
There in the midst is he.

3 When faithful and repentant hearts
His heavenly grace ensue,
His grace, intreated, he imparts
To many or to few.

4 O, come, then, and with joint accord,
In social worship meet;
And, mindful of the Saviour's word,
The Saviour's boon entreat.

710. 7s. M. 61. SPIRITUAL SONG.

For a social religious meeting.

1 O, 'T IS sweet to mingle, where
Christians meet for social prayer;
O, 't is sweet, with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise;
Then how blest that state must be,
When they meet eternally.

2 Father, let these meetings prove
Scenes of fervent Christian love;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace.
Till we, each in his degree
Fit for endless glory be.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

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711. 7s. M. SMITH.

Sabbath Evening.

1 SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gentle as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth, as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'T is the holy peace of God,—
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

712. 8 & 7s. M. C. Robbins.

Sabbath Evening Worship.

1 Lo! the day of rest declineth;
Gather fast the shades of night—
May the Sun that ever shineth,
Fill our souls with heavenly light.

2 Softly now the dew is falling;
Peace o'er all the scene is spread;—
On his children, meekly calling,
Purer influence God will shed.

3 While thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father, give thine evening blessing;
Fold us safe beneath thy wing.

713. L. M. Anonymous

Close of Worship. Evening.

1 While now upon this Sabbath eve,
Thy house, Almighty God, we leave,
'T is sweet, as sinks the setting sun,
To think on all our duties done.

2 Oh! evermore may all our bliss
Be peaceful, pure, divine, like this;
And may each Sabbath, as it flies,
Fit us for joy beyond the skies.

714. 8 & 7s. M. ESTLIN

Reliance for the Future.

1 GRACIOUS Source of every blessing!
Guard our breasts from anxious fea
May we still thy love possessing,
Sink into the vale of years.

2 All our hopes on thee reclining,
Peace companion of our way;
May our sun, in smiles declining,
Rise in everlasting day.

715. L. M. ANON.

Close of Worship. Evening.

1 ERE to the world again we go,
Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
Thy grace once more, O God, we crave,
From folly and from sin to save.

2 O, may the influence of this day,
Long as our memory with us stay,
And as an angel guardian prove,
To guide us to our home above.

716. L. M. HEBER.

Close of Service.

1 LORD, now we part in thy blest name,
In which we here together came;
Grant us, our few remaining days,
To work thy will, and spread thy praise.

2 Teach us in life and death to bless
The Lord, our strength and righteousness;
And grant us all to meet above,
Then shall we better sing thy love.

717. S. M. ANONYMOUS.

The Saviour.

1 JESUS, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble soul I stay,
Which thou wilt lead aright.

2 My wisdom and my guide,
My counsellor thou art;
O, never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart!

718. C. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

The Light of the World.

1 ON us the Sun of Righteousness
Its brightest beams hath poured;
With grateful hearts and holy zeal,
Lord, be thy love adored;

2 And let us look with joyful hope
To that more glorious day,
Before whose brightness, sin and death
And grief shall flee away.

719. S. M. STEELE.

Pardon.

1 THE traveller, lost in night,
Breathes many a longing sigh,
And marks the welcome dawn of light,
With rapture in his eye.

2 Thus sweet the dawn of day
Which weary sinners find,
When mercy, with reviving ray,
Beams o'er the fainting mind.

720. 7s. M. ANONYMOUS.

Closing Thanksgiving.

1 THANKS for mercies past, receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view.

2 Bless thy word to young and old;
Grant us, Lord, thy peace and love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
Take us to thy home above.

721. H. M. NEWTON.

For a Blessing.

1 TO THEE our wants are known,
From thee are all our powers:
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours:
Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
And to thy word a blessing give.

2 O, grant that each of us
Now met before thee here,
May meet together thus,
When thou and thine appear:
To thy blest presence may we come,
And dwell in an eternal home.

722. 8 & 7s. M. ADAMS.

Close of Worship.

1 PART in peace! with deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

2 Part in peace! such are the praises
God, our Maker, loveth best;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

723. 8 & 7s. M. ANON.

Prayer for Guidance.

1 LEAD us, Heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee;
Still possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with kind affections blending,
Pleasures time can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing shall our peace destroy.

724. 8 & 7s. M.

Close of Divine Service.

1 What of truth we have been hearing,
Fix, O Lord, in every heart;
In the day of thy appearing,
May we share thy people's part.

2 Truth! how sacred is the treasure!
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know;
Vain the hope, and short the pleasure,
Which from other sources flow.

3 Till we leave this world forever,
May we live beneath thine eye;
This our aim, our sole endeavor,
Thine to live, and thine to die.

725. 7s. M. Salisbury Coll.

Prayer for a Blessing.

1 Glorious in thy saints appear;
Plant thy heavenly kingdom here;
Light and life to all impart;
Shine on each believing heart;—

2 And, in every grace complete,
Make us, Lord, for glory meet;
Till we stand before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.

726. 7s. M. H. K. White.

Parting.

1 Christians, brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.

2 Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore;
There, released from toil and pain,
There, we all may meet again.

3 Now to Him who reigns in heaven,
Be eternal glory given!
Grateful for thy love divine,
O, may all our hearts be thine

DOXOLOGIES.

I. Common Metre.

To Thee, whose temple is all space;
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies;
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise.

II. Long Metre.

Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here as there obeyed.

III. Short Metre.

To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all who dwell below the skies
Their grateful praises sing.

IV. Hallelujah Metre.

Now to the King of Heaven
Your cheerful voices raise;
To him be glory given,
Power, majesty and praise.
Wide as he reigns,
His name be sung,
By every tongue,
In endless strains.

V. Seven Syllable Metre.

ALL who vital breath enjoy,
In God's praise that breath employ,
And in one great chorus join;
Praise, O praise the name divine.

VI. Ten Syllable Metre.

BURST into praise, my soul! all nature join!
Angels and men in harmony combine;
While human years are measured by the sun,
And while eternity its course shall run.

VII. Eleven Syllable Metre.

COME, let us adore Him, come, bow at his feet;
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

It was thought unnecessary to give Doxologies in any other than the above simple metres. An easy transition may be made from other metres into one of these. The Long Metre Doxology may be sung with a hymn in Long Metre Six Lines; the Seven Syllable Metre Doxology may be sung with a hymn in Eight and Seven Syllable Metre; and so on, according to the taste and discretion of the Minister or Choir.